

THE
PRISONERS
AND
CLARACILLA.

Two Tragæ-Comedies.

As they were presented at the
Phœnix in Drury-Lane, by her
M^{ties} Servants.

Written by *Tho. Killigrew*, Gent.



LONDON

Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*,
and are to be sold at his shop, at the
signe of the *Greene Dragon* in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1641.



TO
HIS MOST HO-
NOVR'D VNCLE M^r. THOMAS
KILLEGREVV, on his two excel-
lent Playes, the *PRISONERS*,
and *CLARACILLA*.



Hen, worthy sir, I reade your Playes, and
finde,
Iudgement and Wit, in one strict knot
combin'de;
How unconstrain'd Both meete to make things rare,
And fit without th' expence of Paines or Care;
How ev'ry Scene is manag'd, how each Line
Doth with a quicke, yet gentle clearencesse shines;
How every Passion's rais'd by just degrees,
And every humor pend to the life: yet These
So truely all your owne, as nothing there
Stands lame, or forc'd, either to th' Eye, or Eare;
Nor yet enrich'd by others cost, or paine,
But like *Minerva*, rais'd from your owne Braine;
I cannot choose but wonder how your Parts
Gain'd this perfection without Bookes, or Arts;

And I may thence conclude, that soules are sent
Knowing from heaven, Learn'd too and Eloquent
From their owne Powers within, or safely tell
That all Invention's but Remembring well,
But why invaine doe I urge this, when You
Have gain'd those helps which learned men ne're knew,
And greater too than Theirs? your thoughts have read
Men that are living Rules, whiles bookes are dead;
Y' have liv'd in Court, where wit and language flow,
Where Iudgements thrive, and where true manners grow;
Where great and good are seene in their first springs,
The breasts of Princes, and the minds of Kings:
Where beauty shines cloath'd in her brightest rayes,
To gaine all loves, all wonder, and all praise:
From whence you taught *Melinus* fires to move,
Pausan too the Eloquence of Love;
What others thus to ruder precepts owe,
You by Examples, and best patternes know,
And teach us that a true and Native grace
(In spight of studied Rules and Arts) takes place.

When he who more precisely pennes, and drawes
His lab'ur'd Scenes true by Dramatique Lawes,
May well transcribe those Rules perhaps, but then
The Whole runnes lame and rudely from his pen:
Bearing those traicts apparent to the view,
As shew the grosser lines by which he drew:
The thing it selfe thus Vex'd and his Braine too,
He gaines but This, To erre with much adoe.

Thus want of Nature betraies Art, whiles he
That writes like You. that is secure, and Free,
Makes flights so undiscern'd so still his owne,
That those of towring Eagles are lesse knowne.

What though no verse, your Scenes and Acts divides
Numbers are Shackles to Great Wits, not Guides,
He that Scans ev'ry word, and so Confines
To Certaine Measur'd feete his well-pac'd lines

Enslaves

Enslaves the Matter, which he should Express,
And false to's Art, makes the Thing Serve its Deceit,
But you on purpose have these Rules declin'd,
Not trusting those which Others Wits design'd,
Hence looke we on you, as on those whose worth
Unborrow'd first gave Sciences their Birth,
Men full of Native frame, like Patternes, showne,
And following no example, but their owne,
When you invent, you'r Free when Iudge, your'e Cleare
Yet so that larger thoughts did never beare
True judgement off, nor judgements Rule suppesse,
Or draw downe thoughts from generous Mightinesse:
Nor can we strictly this invention call,
Or Iudgement that Both mixe, Both shew in all:
Thus, like two æmulous flames, they twist at last
In one bright Pyramide, whose lustres cast
Such undivided glories, that they raise,
A solemne Trophie unto eithers Praise.

H. Bennet



JNSJGNJSSJMO
THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO,
Authoris ab ipso cultu & Drama-
tis Lēctione

Natum Carmen.

Mhi me diremptam redde! Captivam Tuam.
Tuumq; Naufragum: Tuum quicquid jubes,
Quemcumq; fingis, nisi Poetam; & dum lego
Aliquem Poetam. Patere, hic ante abeat furor,
Audebo Carmen. Unde quos specto dolos,
Salsq; patior? ventor in Larvam & Metrum.
Non lege hanc Scenam spectro, ut Persona redirem,
Parq; Comædorum simi, Populiq; Tui.

Hæc lege Populus ut tibus se commodat,
Emitque curas; credulo gaudet metu
(Plorare quanquam vilius possit domi)
Casus per omnes fabula fluctus sequi;
Et Ludiones induit cunctos. Viri
Extra Theatrum Scenici partes agunt.

Vestra viros mutat Laurus! Hunc Histrio, quem Plebs
Vultum habet: & spectans stat Tibi Turba Chorus.
Lassavit.

Lassavis odia, & pectus illem perdidit
Plebs in Galippo. Castus Europa Meus
Rapi Intuentes. Aliquis ex Turba Proci
Distingat ensem, & immolet Taurum Iovi
Videons an audio Numeros? speciem & sonum
Dant Histrioni: seq. vel Res exhibent.

Nunc numeros animare Tuos licet Histrio cesset,
Credere mihi vivunt verba, Moventq. soni.

Metuisse toties: Invocasse in opem Deum:
Deum at Poetam; nec semel Ludi Metas,
Totiesque falli, numerat hoc Laudes Tuas.
E Nubis subitus fulgurat nigra Dies.
Pericula juvant: Ipsa succurrunt Mala.
Prodendo Tuta, & parva Naufragia Salus.
Fallere quod nōrit, Tua visa est vivere Stena;
Fallere sed nōrit Tunc ubi Larva deest.

Ut ordinatus arbitro haud viso fluit
Temeraque Mundus lege disponit vices:
Rerumq. carmen sponte sub numeros cadit.
Sic fortuitus regnat in Sæcco Deus,
Ut in Orbe Numen: & latendo se probat
Res fluctuantes Machinis certis rotans.
Ars simulans Artem sic negligit omnia culte
Excidere ut credam Carmina sponte Tibi.

Futura fata haud prævidet Lector sagax:
Primæque, spectat Exitum, sub Pagina:
Saturvè surgit fabulæ quam finxerit,
Trum & Poema scribit, & vates abit.
Hic Gardianus vincula abscondit Nodus:
Filumq. Labyrinthi ante se propriâ explicat.
Sunt hæc Prestigia, sunt hæc Enigmata qua Tu
Dum latuere flupes, plus quoq. Nota probas.

Tertius

Teretes quotidiano ambulant Socco pedes.
Spectatur ipse scripsit, & risu prius :
Parilesq; Lusus Author ac Lector tulit.
Proprio, Cupido militat censu Tuus
Sibiq; Pharesram præstat, & laculum sibi:
Ægreq; plausum ceteris debet suum.
Arte hæc Cecropiam superavit Aranea Divam
Fila quod Hæc textit, fila sed Illa parit.

Rob. Waring.

Saylor is my name

Ly E

TO



TO
MY HONOUR'D
FRIEND M^r. THOMAS KIL-
LIGREW, On these his Playes,
the PRISONER'S and
CLARACILLA.

Worthy Sir,



Anrers, and Men, transcrib'd; Customes
express'd;
The Rules, and Lawes Dramatique not
transgress'd;
The Points of Place, and Time, observ'd, and hit;
The Words to Things, and Things to Persons fix;
The Persons constant to Themselves throughout;
The Machin turning free, not forc'd about;
As Wheelles by Wheelles, part mov'd, and urg'd by part;
And choyce Materials workt with choycer Art;
Those, though at last begg'd from long sweate & toyle,
Fruits of the Forge, the Anvil, and the File,
Snatch reverence from our Iudgements; and we doe
Admire those Raptures with new Raptures too.

But you, whose thoughts are Extasies; who know
No other Mold, but that you'l cast it so;

Who

Who in an even web rich fancies twist,
Your selfe th' *Apollo*, to your selfe the Priest;
Whose first unvext conceptions do come forth, (worth;
Like Flowers with Kings Names, stamp with Native
By Art unpurchas'd make the same things thought
Far greater when begot, than when they're Taught.
So the Ingenuous fountaine clearer flowes
And yet no food besides its owne spring knowes.

Others great gathering wits there are who like
Rude Scholers, steale this posture from *Van-Dike*
That Hand, or eye from *Titi-n*, and doe than
Draw that a blemish was design'd a Man;
(As that which goes-in Spoyle and Theft, we see
For th' most part comes out Impropriety)
But here no small stolne parcells slyly lurke,
Nor are your Tablets such Mosaicque worke,
The web, and woofe are both your owne, the peece
One, and no sayling for the Art, or fleece,
All's from your Selfe, unchalleng'd All, All so,
That breathing Spices doe not freer flow.
No Thrifty spare, or Manage of dispencc,
But things hurld out with Gracefull Negligence,
A Generous Carriage of unwrested Wit;
Expressions, like your Manners freely fit:
No Lines, that wracke the Reader with such guesse,
That some interpret Oracles with lesse.
Your Writings are all Christall, such as doe
Please Critickes palates without Critickes too:
You have not what diverts some Men from sense,
Those two Mysterious things, Greeke and Pretence:
And happily you want those shadowes, vvhich
Their Absence makes your Graces seeme more cleare.

Nor are you he, vvhose vovv vveares out a Quill
In vwriting to the Stage, and then sits still;
Or, as the Elephant breeds. (once in ten yeares,
And those ten yeares but once) vwith labour beares

A

A secular play. But you goe on and show
 Your veine is Rich, and full, and can still flow;
 That this doth open, not exhaust your store.
 And you can give yet two, and yet two more,
 Those great eruptions of your beames doe say,
 When others Sunnes are set, you'le have a Day.
 And if Mens approbations be not Lot,
 And my prophetique Bayes seduce me not;
 Whiles he, who straines for swelling scenes, lyes dead
 Or onely prays'd, you shall live prays'd, and read.
 Thus, trusting to your selfe, you Raigne; and doe
 Prescribe to others, because none to you.

Will. Cartwright.

INSIGNISSIMO

**THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO, viro non
 Uno Ore Dicendo Gēminos hosce
 Musæ Dramaticæ Labores.**

sic gratulor -----

Dic O per omnes obsecro Te Deas,
 Dic O per omnes obsecro Te Deas,
 Quæ Te perunxit Gratiarum?
 Quis Calamum dederit Cupido?
 Per Claracillam fortius obsecro,
 Per et Melintum, Mutua Nomina;
 Perque hinc Sacros, perque inde Amores,
 Perque Tuam rogo, perque Te ipsum.
 Tu Lyssimella, Vosque Piissimi
 Pausanis Ignes dicite; pectorum
 Pirata, Scenam Quantus, intrat!
 Quamque Oculos Animosque vincit!

Cum

Cum Lyssimellam consulo, Prima stat,
Cum Claracillam, Prima stat Ipsaque:
Hec, Illa, vincit, Victa rursus
Ambigua similique Scena.

Cedit Melintijam minor Ignibus,
Pausanis Ardor: mox jubar explicans
Pausanis Ignes invidendum
Invidiam merito, Melinto.

Nescit Coronam cui tribuat magis
Nutante Lance Scepticus Arbiter:
Alterna vincant, invicemque
Vtima præripiunt favorem.

Felix Vtroque O Pignore stans Pater,
Cur tale Scene Justitium facis?
Qui tam sacratum par dedisti,
Jura trium rape Liberorum.

Famam Cothurni da mihi tertii,
Clamat Latinus: polliciti reum
Non liberatura, in theatrum
Aula vocat, Populique pica.

Delphos procetur Pauperis Ingeni
Morosus Hares: tu tibi Numina
Non una prestas, invocasque
Te, tripodas magis Efficaces.

Vexata jactet Mechanicus Labor,
Et Metra Musis cusa Fabrilibus:
Dum non-coacto Liber ore
Dramaticum regis Author Orbem.

GUIL. CARTVVRIGHT.

THE PRISONERS.

A
Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Presented at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by Tho. Killigrew. George.
First Edition.



LONDON,
Printed by Tho Cotes, for Andrew
Crooke, and are to be sold at his shop
at the signe of the Greene Dragon
in Pauls Church-yard.

1640.

*collated
&
perfect.
J. H. 1798.*



THE PRISONERS.

Actus Primus.

Enter King, Sortanes, Eumenes, and Cleon.

King.



Re the Gallies come from *Rhodes*?

Em. Yes Sir, they arriv'd this evening

King. Then we're all in readinesse,
and if the gods

Smile upon us, those proud sisters shall
finde

They have puld downe fire by playing with my anger,
Pretend a vow to peace, and flaine their bond by it,
Not to arme but in their owne defence,
Come, was trecherous and since in our greatest danger
They could leave our friendship to that sudden ruine
That threatned us, they shall find now our vertues
Have wrought through, what enemies we can be
Whose friendship they have despised; and into their
Bosomes Ile throw all the miseries of warre,
Whose single name was such a terrour to em,
Wheres our sister?

Cle. She went this evening in her galley

B 5

To o

The Prisoners.

To take the ayre.

Ki. When she returns tell her I must speake with her
This night, and doe you heare *Eumenes*,
Let all things be in readinesse to put to sea,
With the morning tide, the winde stands faire still.

Eu. Yes Sir, the windes faire.

Ki. What said the Captaine of the Gally that you
tooke,

Had they notice of our intent?

Eu. Yes sir, he sayes they had intelligence,
But they are so unprepared for war, that the
Knowledge was no advantage, they received it
As men stabb'd in their sleepe, that wake onely
To finde their dangers certaine.

Ki. Their falshoods have begot their feares, and now
Like cowards they fall upon their owne swords,
Eumenes, let the slaves be well fed to night. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Cecillia, Philon, Eugene, and three Souldiers being
chased a-shore by Pyrats.*

Phi. Fly, Madam, save your selfe while we
With our faiths, make a stop, for know
Philon will lay his body a willing sacrifice
To intercept your danger.

Cecil. Oh *Philon*, which way shall we take? I know
Not where we are, why did you land here?
He durst not have pursued us to the harbour,
My brothers fleete now in readinesse to depart
Would have protected us.

Eu. This way the slave ran that went to call for aide.

A noise within, Follow, follow,

Phi. Hark Madam, we're pursude,
Tis now no time to talke, upon my life

It

The Prisons.

It is *Gillippus*, and the bold Pirate I feare knowes
The value of the prize he hunts.

Within, Follow, follow,

Ceci. They come, take some other way and try
If you can divert their chase, whilst we
Take Covert in this wood.

Exeunt

*Enter Philon and his party, beaten in by Gillippus,
Hiparcus, and Sou'diers of their part.*

Gil. Follow mates, for we have in chace
The wealth of Kingdomes, one whose maiden Mine
The gods would digge it, nor has her Virgin earth
Beene wounded yet for that precious metall,
But keepes her, Indies still unconquer'd :
If we gaine her weele saile no more, nor steere
Vncertaine fates by a fix'd starre, nor pray
For faith, that we may hope a safety in the midst
Of the dangerous wonders of the deepe.

Hip. Slip not this opportunity, we know not how
long

Fortune will court us, which path tooke she?

Gil. I know not, let us divide our selves. Ile take
this

Exit. Gil.

Enter Pausanes and meetes Hiparcus.

Pau. *Hyparcus* what glorious things were those
That fled us as if we durst hurt them?

Hy. Handsome women, man.

Pau. Were they but women?

Pau. stands with his eyes fixt upon the ground.

Hy. But women, no but women, what aylst thou?

Pau. I am sure they are more then man, for I never
saw

Any of that sex that made me tremble, yet

These

The Prisoners.

These did, and with a cold feare the memory
Dwells in my brest still.

Hy. Thunder-strucke by a woman; courage man
Blacke eyes tho they lighten, yet they doe not use
To shrinke our hearts in the scabberd.

Pau. These doe not use to fight, doe they?
If they doe, by all our gods, theyle conquer me.
Oh *Hiparcus*, doe not mocke my misery, but tell me
Hast thou seene many such; such formes usuall
Amongst em? this has *Medusa's* power in that
Beautious forme, & I am changed to weeping Marble.

Hy. By this good day hees in love, could I be so
How happy might I be, for I have beene,
Pretty lucky in the sex, and could I have lov'd
All that I have layne with, what a share of Heaven
Should I have had, looke how he stands now.

Pausanes what dost meane, let fall thy weapon
When thou pursuest a wench.

Pau. A wench! whats that? I thought of none.

Hyp. The greater part, and the handsomest, and that
They are not the better part of women, is yet
To be disputed.

Pau. How canst thou distinguish em? How dost thou
know a wench?

Hy. Severall wayes, but the best is by feeling em.

Pau. But that I know from rocking in the Cradle
It still has beene so, how should we two come to be
friends?

Theres such contrarieties even in our nature,
That both looking on one heavenly forme
We should from the same subject draw such
Different thoughts; whil'st I was Philosophying
Vpon her diviner part, and preparing how to worship;
Thou wert casting to pollute her. But prethee tell me
In thy serious thoughts, were it not better to finde
Those beauties that adorne her, the cloathing

Of

The Prisoners.

Of a perfect god, then such a falling Image.

Hy. Faith in serious thoughts, which handsome women
Ought not to be mingled with, worships God,
But to be worshipt better: but prethee
Put off this serious discourse now, this is no time to
talke

When we have the prey in chase. *Exit*

Pau. Fare thee well, but that I know thee stout,
Faithfull to thy friend, and one that speaks
Worse of himselfe then any other dares,
I'de teare thee from my bosome, But when I know
This; and how strictly thou wilt pay thy vowes
To honour, thou shalt dwell for ever here. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus, and Cecillia.

Gal. Y^e are very faire, let that remove your wonder,
Gallippus has surprizd her, and leads her in.
How we dare againe gaze upon that excellence,
She frownes.

Why doe you frowne? is it your Innocence,
Or your beauty, that you mistrust,
That thus you arme your selfe with anger to
Defend you, pray leave to be an enemy, you see
That could not protect you.

cecil. No monster, tis not to see thee play thy part
That troubles me, but to thinke that heaven
Failes in hers, thus to leave vertue without a guard,
Whilst lust and rapine grow strong in mischief,
As if the Innocent were created white
Onely to be fit to take the murtherers purple.

Gal. As ye have mercy, remove that threatened
danger,
That ruine in your curld brow, and injustice.

Which.

Which your anger cannot know; weigh my action
And crosse fate together, then call to minde
How severely I was punish't for a single fault,
A fault that my love pleaded for, but did not excuse:
And when you have found that blot in my story,
If you are equall, you must confesse all my life
To that houre paid you an humble and a faithfull
Service, and had I not found your scorne
Would leave me to my Dispaire, I had
Waited my fortunes, and not by force
Attempted to have gain'd my wishes, had you
Not bowed me that way, but tryed what
I could have suffer'd for you, not from you,
'T would have started your soft soule to have
Seene me suffer, that would through a thousand
Hazzards have courted your favour till I
Had false your Martyr.

Cecil. Away, thy oylie tongue, nor bloody hand can-
not prevaile,

Thy flattery and thy force, I am above both,
For love and his soft fire thou never feltst it,
Nor knowst that God, but by the name,
Thy false stoopings conclude thou canst not worship,
That thus durst againe by force attempt me,
That heart that truly loves, nobly suffers: and
Knowes that God of passions is to the longing soule,
Both the hunger and the food, and if his heaven
Be not reach'd with knees, their hands dare not,
Nay cannot, yet maist thou live to love, and me,
I wish it not to glory in, but to punish thee.

Gil. Are you so resolv'd, then Ile kneele no more,
But frowning gather all thy sweetes, begging
Lovers teach women a way to deny, which else
They durst not know: A slave there —

Enter

The Prisoners.

Enter a slave, and Hipparchus.

Take to your charge, this faire folly, and
As your eyes looke to her, let not her face

Binds her

Betray your faith; convey her to the Gally,
There my Empire will begin.

Cer. Think'st thou thy threatens can fright, no I
cannot

So much doubt the care of heaven, to think that power
Whose providence considers the fall of every little bird,
Will sleepe now, and o'resee the ruine of a Kingdome:
No monster I defie thee.

Gil. Away to the Gally, there

When we have got the bootie Ile meete you. *Exit.*

Hip. Tis a lovely forme, with what a scorne
She beares her fortune. !

Cecil. Sir I am but a stranger to you, yet if you
Durst disobey this bad man and give me freedome
I will not say I can reward such a benefit,
But I am certaine I can be gratefull:
Can you doe it?

Hip. If I durst be dishonest Madam I think I could.

Cecil. Dishonest? if it were not mine owne cause
I would dispute the act; but since 'tis,
Ile urge no more, for know I can with lesse
Paine be a prisoner then twice beg my freedome:
Obey him Sir.

They meet Pausanias.

Hip. With paine and blushes, Madam I shall.

P. a. Ha! tis she, and bound.

Hipparchus whether dost thou hale that innocence.

Hip. Our Captaine deliverd her to me with command
To carry her to the Gally.

Pau. Hold *Hipparchus*;

At

The Prisoners.

At what price hast thou accepted this
Vnbecomming office? tis not like thy selfe:
The brave hunter doates not upon the quarrie,
Nor had *Hiparcus* went to fight for spoile.

Hip. Nor does he now, nor ever shall
So faultie a conquest hang upon my name,
As to make me blush the victorie.
She was deliverd me by our Captaine,
And she can witnesse that to my faith he left
The securing her to the Gally. And
Pausanes knowes *Hiparcus* dares not breake
A trust.

Pau. Thou mistakest this service, for to doe
This act is breaking trust with heaven.
Thou break'st with the gods, thou breakst with him
That gave thee credit for thy courage, and
Thine honour, and sent thee forth their souldier
To fight for them, and this the day of battaile,
Here the vertue on whose side thou ought'st
To bleede, the innocent in whose cause they
Command thee die to live a Conqueror.
Now thou flyest, thou runnest away,
Hiparcus flies meanly unvanquish'd,
As if by a pannick feare terroure-strucke,
For he is beaten by a mistake and conquers
His enemy while he loses his fame at home.

Hip. Hold, what meanes *Pausanes* thus
With injurious words to wound his friend?

Pau. I injure thee? I wound *Hiparcus*? I
Throw a scandall upon my friend? yee gods
Strangely punish *Pausanes* when he does so.

Hip. What doe you lesse when you upbraid me for
My faith, and with art of words labour
To make me appeare faultie, as if you
Did not know the law by which we are bound
Is not alike with free men:

We

The Prisoners.

We are his slaves; and for our loyalty
Have been rewarded with these priviledges
Above our fellows, woult have me kill
The cause of his bounty and in justice
For my treachery become a slave, and
Make this which was my fate my punishment,
I tell thee *Pausanes* I could not
Be free here should I doe this act.

*He layes his hand upon
his breast.*

Cecil. Defend me yee powers from this youth, his
honour
Brings greater dangers then the Traytors bonds:
Oh, pray plead no more for me.

Hipar. offers to goe.

Pan. *Hiparous* thou seest how tamely I have pleaded,
And in calmenesse urg'd my reasons: Once againe
By our wounds and blood so oft together shed
That their mixtures, have in their fall begot
A kinde of kindred, by all our miseries
Which still have beene allyed, by our friendship
I conjure thee give me her freedome.

Hip. I see thou hat'st me, else my reasons would
Prevaile, and thou woult'st leave to preferre
A prisoner before thy friend, and his faith given:
And therefore know though your friendship doe plead
When tis against mine honour I can be deafe.

Pan. Thou canst be any thing, and I can weepe
To finde it, yee gods, would I have us'd
Hiparcus thus, Oh heavens that ever I
Should call thee friend: *Hiparcus* stay, I have

Hip. offers to goe agen.

One argument left still; unbinde her
Or guard you.

Hip. Pausanes.

Pan. Your Sword.

Hip.

THE TRAGEDY.

Hip. Heare me speake.

Pau. No words, her freedom or your sword.

Hip. *Pausanes* knowes I will not be beaten
Into an opinion, and since thou hast drawne

Thy sword last I will not yeeld her: My honour

Forbids me, thou art injurious to thinke

Thy force can prevaile beyond thy reason,

I tell thee *Pausanes* thy anger should not start me

If I could make thee an enemy.

Pau. Defend your selfe, They fight and are both

mounded.

Hip. Will you yet give me leave — to be faithfull.

Pau. No, *Hiparcus* hunts his will not his faith.

Here Hiparcus gets Pausanes downe.

Cecil. As you have honour hold, and let a virgin's

Tears that shall fall to Seas divide your anger

But till my prayers can confirme your friendship.

They struggle.

Pau. Look upon her tears and these wounds whose

Anguish thy friendship not thy Sword brings, and

Then weigh the act, I would thou hadst bene

Ten enemies rather then one friend

To have disputed this cause. *Hiparchus disarms him.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Giliippus, Zenon and Souldiers.

Gil. Make all possible speede aboard with the bootie,

They pursue us close. Command *Hiparcus*

And *Pausanes* ashore to guard us. Hah!

What meanes this, what makes she ashore?

Pau. That which thou canst not make aboard: she
has made

An honest man, and if thou darst make another,

She

The Prisoners.

She may have two friends.

Gill. *Hiparcus* resolve this riddle.

Hip. This woman whom you gave to my trust
Pausanes would have releas'd, and when
His arguments as friends could not prevail,
Meanly he threw off his Faith, and by force
Attempted to take her from me.

Gill. Slave, did I for this preferre thee,
When at the sacke of *Tunis* thou becam'st
My slave, and by thy owne confession wert
A thing without a name, and could'st neither
From men nor country claime a being? now
Thy treachery shall make thee as darke an exit
As thy base soule had entrance.

Pau. I scorne thy threats from this death I shall
Begin to live, till now I lay wrapt in rust,
And the Canker fed upon my fame, from this act
I shall adopt a name which till this minute
I despair'd of: since that fatall day
In which old *Perseus* fell, in whom onely liv'd
That knowledge we so hunt for? And *Hiparcus*
If thou continuest thou'lt be asham'd to finde.
For the bounties thou urgest what were they
But making us a better kinde of slaves, commanded
Commanders impaling our free soules
So that we could employ but one vertue,
Our courage since we serv'd thee; and that
Has throwne us into dangers, honour would be
Asham'd to owne, and brought wounds that leave
Blushing scarres, this when *Hiparcus* has
Let fall his passion, will make him tremble
To finde he could not feare but bleede
For a Traytor,
And strucke against a virgins honour. And

Pau. turnes to Cecillia.
In his rage sould his friend to buy his will:

Then

THE PRISONERS.

Then, then *Hiparchus* those wounds thou now art
proud of

Will hang upon thee with more dishonor

Then thy Chaines, For me I smile at this chance,

For though I have mist my first freedome, y

I have found my last wounds,

Hip. Ha !

Gil. Villaine, hast thou not yet enough layd up

Thy treacherous soule, art not satisfied

To be false thy selfe that thus thou labour'st

To shake his try'd faith? *Hiparchus* kill him

Kill ee'n his memory that the ingratetull slave

May fall like a dogge and leave no name behind him

The slaves offer to kill him.

Yet hold, he shall not die so nobly, nor finde

Such mercy in his fall. *Hiparchus* strip the slave

And upon a tree stretch the Traytors body,

There let him hang alive, like the condemn'd

Fruit to the fruitlesse tree, damn'd thither

To live a death; and would count that murder

That threw 'em their mercy if it would come.

And breake the snare.

Cecill. Bloody villaine !

Darst thou command this with a beleefe

Thou shouldst be obeyd, what is he that has

So much hell about him that dares execute

What thy bloody rage impose.

Pau. Gentle soule plead not for *Pausanes*, nor

Grudge him this glorious end, for now I fall

What I could not have liv'd with him;

Honors servant.

Gil. Away with him and see it done, or by

The gods he pulls his fate downe that disputes it.

The slaves seize him.

Hip. He that trembles at death, let him dye

Tis just, hold Sir, witnesse my wounds I dare

Be

The Prisoners.

Be loyall, and when my faith was given
Through the streights of friendship sworne to serve
you,

Yet tho I did this because my faith
Was given, and honor told me I was in
The right, yet doe not thinke I will be
So faultie to my friend as to start at
Thy frowne more then his Sword, or be frightened
To the murder of my brother.

Gil. Ha ! whats this ?

Hip. No *Gallippus* I have no such Aguie courage,
Nor comes mine honour so by fits ; know though
I durst not breake a trust, yet I dare disobey
Your impious commands, nor can you call
It treachery when to your face I disavow
It, frowne not, for while I have mine old guide
Honor, there is no aft brings so darke a hazard
But *Hipartbus* will strike a fire from it
Shall light him through.

Gal. My rage, whicher wilt thou hurle me ? Draw
mates.

Gal. *Zenon* and the Slaves draw.

Villaines though my anger hath lost her tongue
Yet her hands are left still : And those in wounds
Shall print on you wretched bodies my revenge.

Hip. There, defend thy selfe. Feare not Madam,

Hip. returnes *Paus.* sword and
they two defend themselves.

These are our enemies.

Paus. Now I have my wish.

Gal. At this rate take it.

Here *Paus.* steps to *Cecil.* and unbinds her,

Gal. in the interim wounds him,
but he releases her before he
defend himselfe.

Pau.

The Prisoners.

Paus. Think'st thou I would not buy her freedom
when my blood
Could purchase it, have I lived as if I fear'd wounds?
Thou canst scarce be mine enemy after this favour,
O that I could kisse it! thou should'st kill me
E're I would take my lippes from it.

Cecil. To what fate am I reserv'd, Helpe, Rape,
Murder, Murder. *Exit.*

*Enter the King and Souldiers; they beate off Gilippus
and Zenon, and tooke Hip. and Paus.*

Binde those and pursue the rest. Sister well met,
Along with me. *Exit.*

Actus secundus Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Cecillia, Philon, Certanes, Cleon,
Hiparcus, Pausanes bound, and a Guard.*

King. V Rge me no more, thy softnesse was betraid
And because they were penitent thou
thought'st

Them innocent.

I tell thee *Cecillia*, if they could have helpt
To have borne thee hence thou should'st have seene
Lust and pride flow really in 'em. Their feare
My sister made 'em fawne,
Away to the Oares with 'em.

Hip. Had we scap'd misfortunes till we met feares
Thy Army King might have found a grave
E're they had seene us bound: And to let thee see
We have no shaking soules, this threatned misery
Shall not make us or feare or fawne on thee.

Paus.

The Prisoners.

Pauf. Peace *Hipartus*, let him see us dyee're touch
an Oare.

I will resolve him what we dare.

Cecil. Has my brother lost all his nature, then
I shall not wonder that I have lost the interest
Of a sister. Can you be a King, and have
Neither mercy nor justice? Farewell, hence forth
I may obey but n'ere approve the Act.

*They offer to lead Hip.
and Pauf. off.*

Hold *Sortanes*, looke upon their wounds, yee Gods!
Ought any thing that chance ownes make men fall
So low, that we should esteeme 'em lesse then
Beasts, see they bleed still, canst thou leave 'em
Like dogges to lick those wounds, whose every drop
Of blood I can witnesse, sell a sacrifice
To honour, oh! tis a fault, a fault I feare
The gods will punish; as if men in misery
Had no soules, or slaves did not upwards looke.

Ki. Hold *Sortanes*, unbinde em, they are your Pri-
soners

Now; and as you please dispose of em.
Thinke not my nature cruell, or that I
Fround upon them, for Kings doe often so
Vpon the fault when they pittie the man,
Yet if I get the head of this Serpent, he
Shall finde our Iustice with its full weight,
But wee le crush him.

Cecil. Now I kneele to you sir.

Ki. What meanes my sister? rise, my occasions
Give me leave onely to say farewell, till
My returne *Philon*, obey my sister
As my selfe.

Cecil. The gods bleste and guide the King

Ki. *Sortanes*, command the officers aboard,

And

The Prisoners.

And give order the gallies be all loose
With the next tide.

Exit

Cecil. Cosen *Philon*, pray let your care provide
For those men.

Exit

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus*, I am lost ere I have found my selfe
And have fought for bonds, come my friend.

Hip. That title confirms my life; for now I finde
My rage did not destroy my selfe, and through
Thy wounds let out thy friendship, with joy
I live to redeme thy fault.

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus* this be my witnesse, thy friendship
Growes here, nor wert thou faulty, nor doe I
Want an argument, thou hadst reason, and I had love
Whose power yet thou never felt'st, but when
Thou shalt finde he is undiscern'd got in,
And in this bosome displayes his fiery wings,
Then lite me withall that Light thou'lt finde
Thou art in the darke, and thus stoop to the
Willing yoke, fighting for what thou wouldst not
Part with: these, these *Hiparcus* are the wounds
I feare, those the sword makes are remedies, and
If deepe enough, bring a certaine cure

Enter Philon.

Phi. This way Gentlemen.

Hip. We shall follow sir.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Eucratic, Lucanthe, Dion, Gallippus, Cremus-
field, Zenon.*

Lu. Noble *Gallippus* thus to venture your selfe
And fortunes in our hazard is an obligation
We know not how to pay; for the preparation
You speake of, brings our certaine ruine, if

By

The Prisoners.

By treaty we not appease his fury.

Gal. Pray Madam from whence springs his anger?

Eu. 'Tis just: you know the cause of this warre, our
Country blest beyond our neighbours, with a
Fruitfull peace, drew us into a consideration
How we became to be so happy, and
In the search, we found ambition
Had no dwelling here: For our customes
Admit no one man chiefe which kept all from
That sinne. For our government is here in
The hands of a Priest and Iudge, which are
Chosen by lot, not faction, and their power
During Life if they obey our lawes. One
Of which has begot this danger, for when
Our predecessors made their vow to peace;
A law was then enacted to prohibit
Our taking armes, but in our owne defence.

Lucan. This law the King credits not, for when we
Return'd it as the reason that forbad us,
Yeelding the ayde he then implored, he
Sayes we urged it but to hide our trecherie,
And concludes we assisted his enemy,
Because we refus'd him ayde; and now
Having labour'd through that storme, his rage
Bends this way.

Dion. And at a time when we
Have neither Armes nor counsell to defend us,
Now Madam the punishments your fathers have
Cald downe pursue us, their counsell and your
Brothers swords, were aides which we shall finde best,
When to our despaires we feele the want.

Crem. Yet let us not quit our selves, when we must
Fall, the deerer we sell our lives the greater
Fame will waite us, nor have our men forgot
To fight, though we left to invade,

Gal. Spoke like a Souldier!

The Prisoners.

How is the Towne fortified toward the harbour.

Crem. Tis no regular fortification, twill stay a leape.

Gall. Madam, I beseech you remove your feares,
They are ill *Omens*, here speake courage,
You know not what miracles we may act.
The night comes on apace, pray retire to
Your rest while *Cremnofield*, *Dion*, and my selfe
Goe set the watch and provide for the receite
Of these strangers that come thus rudely
Without inviting.

Eucr. We'll goe and joyne our strength of prayer
With your armes which I hope will protect us.
They faile to conquer them. *Exit.*

Gall. Ile but order my Gallies to joyne with yours,
And be ready ith' Harbour to board them
As they come straggling in, then Ile meete you
Vpon the guard.

Dion. *Eucratia* is the word to night, farewell.

Exit all but Gall.

Gall. Farewell shallow fooles, thinke ye *Gallippus*
Will sell his blood for a fiery honour, no,
Tis revenge or the satisf'ing some other
Lust engages me. Therefore Ile to my Gally,
And while this darke protects us, command
Zenon to launch from the harbour. And in
A little Creeke lye loose and undiscover'd
With his Gally; tis wisdom to secure
A Retreat, nor will I againe put my
Happinesse in the power of slaves whose treachery,
Wrack'd my soule and deprived me of the pleasures
I had promis'd to my selfe, in faire *Cecillia*.
But these have removed that paine, for he
That like me loves beauty, where ere he meetes
It, sowes his love, and when he enjoyes it
Reapes his interest.

Exit.

Sc. 23

The Prisoners.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cecillia and Philon.

Cecil. Was the Fleet within sight of land
This morning ?

Phi. Yes Madam they have hung about the Ile
Of — these foure dayes kept backe by
Contrary windes.

Cecil. When returns the Gally that came from my
brother ?

Phi. This tide he puts off.

Cecil. This opportunitie then will advance
My designe. Have you fitted those prisoners
With a disguise ?

Phi. Yes Madam.

Cecil. Harke whats that ? a Lute ! are they musically ?

Phi. Yes Madam one of 'em playes and sings.

A Song.

Fond Pausanes let not thy love aspire
To hope of coming higher,
But let thy faith grow up under a cloud
Of being not allow'd
And still persue thy love till she like well
To know it but thou not tell,
Next thy care must be she not perceive
Thou believ'st she has given leave,
Thy love and sufferings thus being humbly told
And not a sigh too bold :

B 2

No

The Prisoners.

Nor with a looke speake or let a feare be proud
To be discern'd least thou love too loud.
Whilst fairely thus thou dost thy love pursue
Pretending nothing due,
In time her heart may grow to wish thee well
Whether she will or no,
By such soft steps as these and slow degrees,
And ever on his knees,
Pausanes still shall approach his blisse,
But not come neare enough to misse;
But at a distance looke and love
And see her farre above,
Yet not wish her descending to my sense,
Or hope of meeting but my influence.

Cecil. Call him hither. Exit Philon.

Now Cecilia arme thy selfe
With resolution, that thy sex may not
Still be cold weake; nor thou yeeld to thy passion;
Lest this god in a cloud deceive thee, and
Force thee with his yeeldings, he sings his actions,
And acts his opinions, which makes him
A dangerous friend; hee's one that boldly dares,
Yet humbly loves; he stricke his master, yet
Bow'd to me, and when his rage had filld
His eyes with fire, he fighting turn'd, and looking
This way in languishing streames quencht
Their rising flames. O power of honour! that
Makes this so in him: And honour me! not
To returne his love, it starts me! To finde
Honour pleas'd still to confound our reason,
And puts us to our acts of faith; but see
They come, their hands wove in friendship.

Enter

The Prisoners.

*Enter Hiparchus, and Pausanes, and Philon, like
common Souldiers.*

Paus. Doe thou speake while I collect my selfe;
Yet doe not; why should I refuse
By my disorder to speak her power,
If she deserve my love, I'me certaine shee'll
Command my feare. Nor is it a dishonour
To shake here, tis not I tell *Hiparcus*
Tis not, these are valiant feares, and
Ile speake to her in what my heart thrust out,
For by my life, all that I have resolv'd of,
I have quite forgot.

Hip. But doe not rashly tempt her to a scorne.
Scorne? O no *Hiparchus*, if e're her softnesse
Hath felt loves power, she knowes his
Proper language is free prose. And their
Distractions wrap the powerfull'st truth
Bondage, verse tells us they are too much themselves,
Nor is he affected that can compose
His sufferings: See where she stands. *They kneele.*

Cecil. Rise, your freedome is the bounty of another
And the thanks not due to me, I sent for you
To tell you my brother is now upon
A designe for *Sardinia*, but has beene staid
By crosse winds so that you may overtake
Him (ere he lands) in a Gally, which this morning
Is bound for him, and in this disguise
By striking on his partie unknowne pay
His bounty.

Hip. Arme us Madam, and you shall heare
How deepe I'll plow, how thicke I'll sow their wounds
But I'll reape the honour; my mistake has
Lost me in striking against your vertue:
And now we are friends *Pausanes* and *Hiparcus*
Vndivided draw, I thinke we shall not

The Prisoners.

Easily be o'recome, for give me leave
To say we are not often conquered
But by our selves : And then though
Pausanes be victor, *Hipercus* triumphes. (note.

Pau. We can be gratefull Madam, though not fortu-

Cecil. That's my Q. pray let me be thankfull too,
Lest you thinke I can onely counsell it :
Within this Cabinet I beleeve is in value

*She fetches a Cabinet and offers
it to Hipercus.*

As much as my person would have yeelded
At a Marr, if it be lesse
Tis the modest opinion I ought to have
Of mine owne worth makes me faultie
In the summe, for any other consideration
Take this too.

She gives a chaine.

Hip. Tis just Madam that you throw this scorne
On me, for I confesse the fault lookt as
If I had fought for money : which opinion
My refusall now I hope will remove.

Cecil. Pray take it;
Why should you receive wounds for me ?

Hip. I doe not let my selfe out to dangers,
Nor is it my trade to fight : wounds and blood
Are neither my daily labour nor the
Sweat of my brow ; They are honours and pay
Themselves : If I have courage, tis a gift
The gods sent me freely, and as their blessing
Freely I'll dispence it.

Cecil. Your pardon Sir. I meant no injurious
Vpbraiding, for by my life I doe not thinke
You faultie : if you will not be
Rewarded, yet give me leave to supply your wants.

Hip. I kisse your Charitie.

Cecil. What to give him I know not, oh unequall

Law

The Prisoners:

Law that bindes us women, and forces me to let
Him perish, because I know how to save him !
I must not stay, I know y'are friends and what
The one has is but the others store,
I wish yee may be fortunate.

My last words, e're I knew what you were

Paul. O stay ! unbind me ere you goe : And heare

My soule labour'd with admiration

Of your beauties, but since I was blest

With knowledge of your diviner part, all

Your acts from honour sprung have collected

Those sparkes your eyes kindled and th'are

B'owne to a flame here, here it burnes

And though this Altar (divinest) be built

Vpon the meanest earth; scorne it not, for

My offering shall be of the purest love,

And my sighes shall constant incense breath.

Cecil. What thou might'st have done I know not,

But I'm sure thou canst not now; thou hast sayd

Too much : Go fight, fight, for thou know'st not how

To love. Oh woman, woman, woman still !

Speakes aside.

Paul. Not love? What stranger then is this that's got

In here and wanders so to seeke; not love ?

Tis he or Cowardise crept in, no third cause

Can beget the feares the tremblings, I

Labour with ; Oh ! teach me how to know him.

Cecil. That stranger when thou meet'st him at the eye

Thou wilt finde he is conceiv'd in fire and in

An instant growes to perfect forme :

Thence in fulnesse of time, he takes his birth

Into the heart which is his world, and there

If he prove a healthy love, he lives

In silence, the tongue has no part 'ith birth

Of gallant loves, nor are they long liv'd

That make their Exit that way, the true Birthes

The Prisoners.

Of love know no delivery. But where they tooke
Their life through the eye, this is love : thine
A short liv'd passion, I feare.

(I feare) spoke aside.

Pau. My passions are no faults Madam, when
I master 'em, when we doe not serve them
We command admiration, or should I yeeld
To 'em, could any passion be unbecomming
That has so beautifull a cause as the
Faire *Cecillia*, who I feare has beene
Vs'd to such Hecatombs of hearts, that
My single one being but a slaves might well
Be scorned at your shrine, yet if you be
That power that my thoughts have worships,
Ye must confesse he that offers all, though
A begger, sacrifices equall to a King.
O turne not from me, but be like those Gods

She turnes away.

You bow to, which though they give and guard
Our flockes, yet accept a Lambe.

Cecil. Plead no more, if thou lov'st thou wilt preferre
me, *Aside.*

I must not, dare not understand, I am too much
A party to heare him pleade.

Pau. O doe not shew the severall wayes you have
To wound : May the fire for ever
Inhabite in those eyes, but doe not in frownes
Dart it this way.

Cecil. Begon then. And consider what thou sue'st for
A slave by his passion crowned, and
A Princess by her inthron'd.

Pau. Doe but beleve I love tis all I begge,
Strike me heaven, if I have so faultie a wish
As to attempt the unshrining such a power
Or would live to see your beautie fall
From this vast nationall ador'd condition,

To

The Prisoners.

To make them my petty household god,
O say! Doe you beleeve I love?

Cecil. Yes, yes, I beleeve and feare.

Pau. O continue that friendly faith;
I'll at a distance kneele, for tis a wealth

*Here be reverences
and kneeles.*

Ile pray for, fight to keepe, and weepe
To part with: and if that way of obtrayning
That way of keeping, and this sense of losse
Ask'd with a whole heart, and with a whole
Heart defended, but parted from with a broken one,
Can confirme it all joyes.

*She in passion interrupts
him and in disdain
speakes and leaves
him.*

Cecil. Peace, be gone. *Cecilia* collect thy selfe
For thou art lost. O yee gods
Would yee had given more, or that I had knowne
Lesse of Honour.

Pausanes starts againe.

Pau. *Hyparchus* my friend I finde my misery,
And conjure thee that if thou outlive us,
Steale some of my ashes into her urne, that
In our earth being become equall
We may become one.

Exit.

Hip. This is strange, yet tis the best kinde of anger,
And the storme is to friend, if I can judge a woman.

Exit.

The Prisoners.

Actus Tertium. Scenaprimum.

Alarum.

**Enter the King and Eumenes, Sortanes, Cleon,
Pausanes and Hiparchus with their
Swords drawne.**

King. Eumenes now the Souldiers are landed
Let 'em be drawne into Battalia,
Wee'le charge this instant and not give 'em leave
On land to celt their losse at Sea.

Eum. They were Gallippus his Gallies that boarded
us,

Yet I saw not the *Pluto* there,
Her brazen prow had wont with earlicst
To bath in blood her *Proserpine*.

King. That injury hath brought
Some fell to my rage, to see they have giv'n
Harbour to that traytour that twice has attempted
The rape of my sister, and in advowance
Of his fault in his Prow he weares
The hellish president for that blacke deed.

Eum. Loose no time then, but while th' are scattered
With their dangers and their feares strike for us
Let us bring that justice their treacheries have cald
downe.

King. Away every man to his charge.

*Exit all but Hiparchus
and Pausanes.*

Paus. O *Hyparchus* they joy to finde *Gallippus*.
Here has disperst all my sad thoughts,
Yee powers that rule our Fates, if *Pausanes* have
Any of you to friend, give me *Gallippus*.
This day within my Swords reach.

*Alarum.
Hip.*

The Prisoners.

Hip. So, now my friend speakes like himselfe, and
when,
Thou strik'st not at thy selfe, thou stands safe
Harke we must away. *Alarum.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Gallippus, Eucratia, Eucratia's Brother Dion
and Cremnosfield.*

Gil. This is no time to talke, they have begirt
The towne, and will instantly attempt
To storme it, the mediate danger calls for resistance
Not Councell: *Dion* goe you to the gate,
That's next the Harbour. *Cremnosfield* take the guard,
Of the Princesses persons, I'll re that port
Against which the Kings standard is advanc'd
If we must fall, let us not goe out faintly.
Eucra. and Lucan. The Gods protect us.

Scena Tertia.

*Pausanes and Hipparchus enter,
Pausanes wounded.*

Paus. T'was he, he fled and left me to the multitude
O *Hipparchus* pursue the chase, and if
Thou overtake him thou wilt finde
The coward imboss'd with running from me
If thou canst set him up, bay him till I come,
And as thou lovest me let me not loose
The honour of his fall.

Hip. Are you sure hee's this way?

Pan. Yes, yes, I am certaine.

Exit.

Scena

The Prisoners.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus alone.

"h'ave forc't the towne, and ther's no hope
Of safetie left, unlesse I can recover
My Gally, Death! I thinke I am accurs'd of late
I hunt nothing but unprofitable wounds;
Hah! *Lucanthe* the Princeesse as I could wish

Enter Lucanthe and Zenon.

Yet if Fortune would smile here is a prize
Will heale all my unluckie wounds.

Lucan. O *Gallippus* we're lost, our loves,
Our honours and our gods subject to the rage
Of the common Souldiers.

Gal. Yet if you'll follow me, and we can gaine
Through the Port, I have a Gally shall secure you,

Luca. O guide me; which way *Gallippus*.
Come *Zenon* follow, for ther's no abiding here,
Hell I thinke on their parties fight: For
T'was nothing lesse then a Devill that forc'd,
And then pursued me through our guards, by day
It selfe he stroke her sure, as if he had beene
The fate he brought, my flight could scarce outstrip
His Conquest.

*Alarum within, follow,
follow,*

Zen. They pursue us still, away loose no time.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena

The Prisoners.

Scena Quinta.

Enter King and Eumenes.

King. This way, this way Eumenes, the noble Reaper,
Went, sure by this their Sickles are dul'd and their
hands

Weary with griping such full victory :
When the world was given, they
Charg'd through their fellows, and like lightning
scaled

And leapt the wall, where entered, Coward loose
Not faster then they gaine ground : I was amaz'd
To see their charge, 'twas as if they had fled,
Not fought for conquest.

Eum. They are not clothed Proper for the parts
They act, either their honour or their condition
Is misplac'd.

King. If they survive the day inquire them out,
And then when we can reward wee'll admire,
Now wee'll assist the worke.

*As the King and Eumenes go
off they meete Lucanthe, Gal-
lippus and Zenon.*

Gal. Hah ! the King, fly Madam, hast to my Gally
Save your selfe.

King. Thou shalt not long impeach my stay,
Do you stare ?

*The King and Gallippus fight and Eu-
menes and Zenon, Gallippus wounded
Zenon, quits the Stage, Eumenes pur-
sues him, then Gallip. throwes his
Sword at the King, & counterseits
and falls, then the King leaves him
and pursues Lucanthe.*

Gal. Hell take thee :

Enter

The Prisoners.

Enter Zenon and Eumenes.

Eum. What have you at length found daring
To looke upon the dangers? is the dead doing Zenon
So fam'd for his bold deeds? (not

Zen. Yes *Eumenes*, *Pelias* dares though *Zenon* durst
Does the name of *Pelias* start thee?

Know false man thy darings cannot protect thee
From the justice this brings, the injuries

Thou didst me during the treatie here, when
Thou sought'st ayde for thy ambitious master.

Eum. What act of mine during that time were you
Concern'd in?

Zen. Hast thou forgot the faire *Zenonia*,
Me thinks the halfe I borrow for my disguise
From that name should prompt thy soule
To a remembrance of the vowes, the false vowes
Thou mad'st her.

Eum. False vowes!

Zen. Yes boasting! er the conquest of thy vanitie
When with thy perjur'd breath thou begd'st for that
Thou value'st not meere to affront my passion,
Which pursued her with all those truthe of love
Thou fainedst, yet never reapt a harvest
For all my paines, but this is not the injury
That wakes my anger; 'tis thy scorne
Not thy love of her ingages me, to thinke
It should be in any mans power to scorne
What I sacrifice to.

Eum. How doe you know I scorne her.

Zen. Say thou dost not, say thou wilt returne
And pay those vowes of love, by all our Gods
I'll kneele to thee, for if thou'lt love againe
Although my Rivall, her love shall guard thee,
And from henceforth thou shalt be my friend, but

If

The Prisoners.

If thou proceed thus to triumph in her miseries
Whose paines I feele, though she be unsensible
Of mine, thou shalt finde though I cannot
Intreat her love, yet I can force revenge
From her darke caves.

What does *Pel'us* see about *Eumenes*.

Eum. That she should take him for a foole or coward
That he should hope I would trust a Rivall
Or feare an enemy;

And now I know the reason of thy hate
If thou should'st sweare thou art my friend,
I'de tell thee thou lyest, if my enemy; why?

I doe not care.

(leave)

Zen. D'st slight my profer'd friendship, doe yee be-
This language?

They fight.

Eum. I understand it, and your
Shall finde it by the answer I'll make.

Eumenes wounded and falls.

Zen. This Ring was hers, and shall witness I have
Punish'd thy falsehood. *Gallippus wounded!*

Enter Gallippus.

Gall. Yes *Zenon*, but not slaine; and yet the King strook
Home, I found 'twas folly to resist his force
Vnlesse I could have conquer'd his whole Army,
And therefore wisely I preserved my selfe
For better dayes:

Saw'st thou the Princesse *Lycimbe* since?

Zen. Yes shee's fled towards the west Port.

Gall. Pursue her gentle *Zenon*, and if thou find'st her
Tell her of my escape, say yee left me

Aboard the Gally: And if she be ignorant
Of her abode tell her sister *Eucratia*

Is with me, whom negligent of her owne danger

Impatiently

The Prisoners.

Impatiently expects her comming to the Gally,
Whether I'll goe and waite your comming.

Exit.

Zen. Yet I'll goe, but not t'affist thy trechery,
Yet I'll bring her if I can, she has an interest
In *Zenonia*, and if I can thus bring
Her into dangers, my protection
Of her honour shall indeere me to her;
And so ingage her my friend to *Zenonia*,
The thoughts of whom my soule will ever labour wish.

*Enter Pausanes and Procles having both hold
on Eucratia.*

Paus. Vnhand her.

Pro. Shee's my prisoner, and I will not loose her.

Paus. Dar'st thou be a Souldier and speake that
falsehood.

Pro. I first seiz'd her and I'll keepe her.

Paus. Had thine age beene able to have kept
Flight with me, thou shouldst have seene me hunt her
Through the straights of a thousand wounds, and
more

Downe all the weedes that grow about her, yet then,
Then this Lawrell protected by her verue, stood
Safe in the midst of all that lightning. And
Let me tell thee, the same cause that kept
Me from laying rude hands upon her, makes me
Spare thee, 'Twas a reverence which in some measure
Silver haire commands.

Pro. I defie thee and thy naked chin;
Talker, this plead for me, nor shalt thou finde
A gray coward here; binde her and then wee'll
Dispute whose she is.

Paus. Binde her? looke upon her and tell me
On which part of that divine forme thou darst hang

A

The Prisoners.

A Chaine ?

Proc. I'll dispute no more, unhand her shee's my
prisoner
Or but earth.

Pau. Remove from her breast that threatned danger
Or by our gods thou art earth.

Proc. Think'ſt thou *Procles* will quit his aged honors
For feare of thee, a boy ? proud in his first wounds ?

Pau. Boy, nay then defend thee.

They fight.

Eucr. To what fate I am reserv'd I know not;
But if I can I'll shunne this.

*Exit. Eucratia flies, Pausanes
disarmes Procles.*

Paus. Shee's gone,
Ther's something whisper'd to me proteſt her,
I'll follow her, there, take thy sword, I will not
Rob thy age in thy fall.

*Throwes him his sword.
Exit.*

Proc. I thanke thee, and may thine
Be no lesse fortunate than this has beene;
And thou buy thy honors at a chaper rate.

*Enter Pausanes hanging about Hiparcus necke
wounded and fainting.*

Paus. Had I liv'd to have finish't my revenge
On that Traitor *Gallippus*, and from his bosome torne
The knowledge of our selves, which in a golden relique
The Tyrant weares about his necke, and still
With threatned losse would ave us to our faith,
Then *Hiparcus* I could have dyed in peace.

Hip. Whether did you goe to finde these wounds ?

Pau. In pursuite of the faire *Eucratia*, I followed
her
Through all her miseries, but not with intent

To

The Prisoners.

To adde to them, but to guard her from
The raging lust of the common Souldier, till at length
Some of her party met us, and to them
I ow'd these wounds.

Hip. This disorderly possessing the Towne will ruine
us,

The wounds we receiv'd since the Conquest are more
Then we got ith' attempt, the Cowards feares
Have in their despaire strooke deeper wounds
Then their courage knew how to deale.

Pau. I have lost much blood, I prethee bind up my
wounds :

What are those ?

Enter Zenon, and Lucanthe:

Zen. This way Madam.

Luc. O *Zenon* hast, I know not which I fly to
With greater zeale, my sister or my safetie,
Is it farre ?

Zen. If you can passe the port, we are safe, hah !

Hip. Stand, the word.

Zen. Death ! if thou refuse us passage.

Lucan. Or a Virgins prayers for ever, if thou dar' st
Let my innocence escape this ruine,
O speake, death and dishonor pursue us close :
O speake Sir.

*Hiparchus is surpriz'd with Lucan-
thes beautie, and stands amaz'd.*

Hip. Passe ? Yes faire one, I dare let you passe
And through all hazards serve you. O Prisoner,

Speakes aside to Pau'ares.

Live to counsell me, something like thy description
I feele here.

Zen. Shall we passe or no ?

Hip. Smooth your brow, your frownes will make
no way here.

Zenon offers to draw.

Zen.

The Prisoners.

Zen. My Sword shall then.

Hip. No *Zenon* thou know'st it never could.
When *Hypareus* denyed thee passage.

Zen. Hah ! *Hipareus* ?

Hip. Yes *Zenon* *Hipareus*, who to let this Lady see
How much he dares in her cause, he will not onely
Give her a passage, but with it all his peace
Of minde : And doe thou thanke heaven for this
Sanctuary.

For were it not that thou hast taken hold
On that Altar, the murder of *Eumenes* here I would
Have punish'd, but such is the power
Of that Deity, that I can differ
My hate, nay forgive thee, if thou'lt confesse
Thy sword or faith hath sacrificed ought
To her deliverance.

Luc. He has ; and he, onely can guide me
To hope of safetie ; Gentle youth the gods
Reward thee ; Harke ! I'me pursued, if thou hast power
Within follow, follow, &c.

Divert their rage.

Hip. Your name, leave but that to call upon in my
danger.

And then I'll plant my selfe here, an enemy
To all that dare pursue your softnesse, O doe not hide
It from me, and leave me so bow
To a power I know not.

Luc. *Lucanthe* the unfortunate, gentle youth
May all thy wishes fall upon thy head :
Away *Zenon*.

Exit Lucanthe and Zenon.

Pan. Now *Hipareus* had I reason once ?

Hip. *Lucanthe* ? the Princessse *Lucanthe* is it not ?

Enter the King.

King. Yes Souldier, *Lucanthe*, the Princessse *Lucanthe*,
Which way went she ?

Hip.

The Prisoners.

Hip. This way she went, but I must beg
You'll not pursue her.

King. These are the Souldiers I so much admir'd.
Is it your ignorance, or doe you wilfully
Strike at the reward your daring youth
Has this day merited.

Hip. If we are faultie tis wilfully, but this act
We hope ownes no guilt.

King. It is not a fault thus to blot this conquest
Whose greatest beauties are gifts of your owne hands?

Hip. My soule has vowed, I see it written yonder
Not to suffer any one to passe this way
While my sword and I can impeach their stay.

Pau. And I though weake in body am strong in
friendship

Pausanes offers to rise but cannot
And my friends vowes shall ever be my cause.

Hip. You see our resolution Sir, and we dare dye.

King. And I dare fight and thus force my passage.

The King charges, Hipar.
onely defends.

Hip. O hold Sir and heare me speake.

King. Shall I passe?

Hip. Your selfe can witnesse what faith I brought
To your cause, my charge usher'd pale death
About the field; And when I found him lazie
And waiting upon fate, I leapt from his leane side
And with my sword dealt more deaths then he.

King. Pursue the act;
And let me hunt this scornfull Lady till
With miseries I have made her wilde heart tame,
The conquest will be perfect then.

Hip. All's done and fought to conquest: And co-
wards onely
Strike afterwards, A foe that flies
Is your slave, and no longer deserves

The

The Prisoners.

The honord name of enemie.

King. Shall I passe?

Hip. Tis slaughter you pursue, and will staine
All those honor'd wounds your conquest gilt,
But for this Princeesse whose vertue I bow to,
O Sir can you be so blinded with your rage
As to avow a warre with her.

King. Leave to Counsell & obey: Mercy and Iustice
Are specious shewes, but to obey
Is your best sacrifice, which if thou offer'st not
By mine anger I'll offer thee.

Hip. Obey? yes, the Gods I'll obey, and strike
Against all that strike at them; know you command
A freeman, one that chose your party, and none
Of that number that was borne under you;
And I beseech you Sir attempt not your passage
Here, for I must not so betray her safetie
As to defend our cause weakely.

King. Are you so resolute?

O *Hiparcus* dye like thy selfe, thou hast
A brave rocke before thee, and in that kingly marbie
Digge thy grave; O for strength enough to part 'um!

Enter Eucratia.

(They fight.)

Euc. This by his habit should be a Commander;

*Eucratia pursued by the Kings party,
layes hold on the Kings sword, and
yeelds her self prisoner, who am-
azed, in passion speakes.*

To him (since I must feele the misery of bonds)
I'll yeeld my selfe, defend me Sir, I am
Your prisoner, my name *Eucratia*.

King. Hold your swords, he that adds another stroke
To warre, shall feele the weight of this!

Hip. Blest chance!

Eucratia! are you *Eucratia*?

Euc. Yes and a Prince, till thy ambitious king

Hunte

The Prisoners.

Hunted me to my ruine.

King. O *Eucratia* ! Soule of sweetnesse !
That wretched King see prostrate at thy feete,
And if thou can'st not pardon, tread upon
My necke ; And let thy vertues sinke me to a grave
Ther's something divine about thee ; which in an
instant
Has from my temples torne the lawrell reward
Of my yet bleeding wounds, ; And from a conquering
King
Made me all thy slave ; Command me something.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Helpe Sir to save the *Princesse Lucanthe*
That's lost, sold to ~~the~~ and rape
If you not redeeme her straight.

Euc. Vnfortunate *Lucanthe* ! I foresaw this danger
Sad Fate ! O my Sister.

Hip. *Lucanthe*, which way went the ravisher ?
O Sir your pardon !

Soul. I saw *Gallippus* i'th *Pluto* beare her from shore.

King. *Gallippus* ? tis false madam remove your feares,
My selfe slew him in the Battell.

Hip. O Sir he has abus'd you by some wile, for on
my life

I saw him since your encounter.

Soul. Let me dye if this be false.

Euc. O Sir, now I claime your offer, and beg, not
command,

You will compleat your conquest and pursue
This Ravisher.

King. Souldier thy faith in her cause
Has beene already tri'd, doe thou provide
One of the swiftest Gallies for this expedition.
Come Madam, wee'll all goe to save this innocent.

Helpe

The Prisoners.

Helpe this wounded youth aboard, and see he want
For no care, such vertue shines not every where.

Euc. Sir his courage has obliged me, and he
Shall be my care, he found me when I was
Falne into the rage of the common people.
I kisse your hands Madam, and tis happinesse.

Pauf. Enough that I have liv'd to serve
Such a vertue as is seated
In the faire *Eucratia*.
Command a cessation from armes and let all acts
Of warre here cease, for the faire *Eucratia*
Now is Conqueror.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Cecilla, and Philon, Liffemella
in a boyes habit.*

Cec. VRge not his condition, I must not so mistrust
The iustice of thole powers I bow to,
As to feare they would leave me to such a scorne,
A common slave; No *Philon*, if there were not chance
In his condition their tongues would have doubled
Vnder such a load as love; a slaves heart would
Have had too many hungry wants upon it
To have found leisure to have beg'd love.

Phil. This under favour is no argument
And though I feare a want in their blood, yet
I beleeve they have wit enough and their craft
Perhaps tooke hold of some pitty which you shew'd
um;

For (as a friend) Madam your mercies were
Even to weakenesse; And but that I feare

To

The Prisoners.

To displease you, I could say, he but returns love;
This will move: And as my faith and dutie
Afide, he kneeles.

Thus low bowes, so my honour bids me
Defend you, especially when you have
So dangerous an enemy as your passion
To engage my faith against: Looke but upon
Your habit, and examine the nature
Of this act, and you shall finde you walke
Blinded, to your honours ruine, have you not throwne
Off your Sex; and the honour of a Queene
And now appeard cloath'd in bluthes, and disguis'd
With faults, but this were nothing if my teares
Were false, which tells me this habite is lyn'd
With as faulty resolutions, nor can you
Condemne those that know you not, if the conclude
You have with your sex throwne off your modestie.
Cecil I'me lost for ever.

she lies downe.

Phil. No Madam if you stay you are safer, for
This attempt, and have found your error,
I confesse to this journey I carry nothing
But obedience, had you fled to meete
A plighted faith, through darkest hazards
I would have waited on you, but when you flye
To follow one you know not, a slave too,
Perhaps flies from you: Nay, grant him a Prince,
Can your honours be safe when you pursue?
Oh Madam! when you were your selfe and from
Your reason collected truth, and upon that rocke
Would in arguments give law to love: I have heard
Your powerfull reasons conclude,
That a Queene is safer that is pursued
By a slave, if he keepe the path of love;
Then the greatest monarch of the earth could be,
Should she pursue a God; And upon

My

The Prisoners.

My knees I begge you wo' not at this rate
Reward the ambition of the wretch.

Cecil. Oh *Philon* Thou art cruelly faithfull
And unsensible of my sufferings, thoud' st drinke
Ambition :

Why say he have but that Gyant fault
Yet 'tis a glorious sinne, and without it
Not one 'mongst all the Synods of the gods
Had fil'd his seate : And twas their feare that made
It sinne; In loves religion, tis meritorious
Still to aspire a Mistresse, and that love
That gives, but will not take no lawes, has cal'd it
Gentlenesse, not savage nature, for a servant
To leape even at the heart of his Mistresse :
But thus much I'le satisfie thy faith
By the honour of my mother ashes
He woo'd first, and in such words
As my resolution onely could deny ;
And for his nature, how stout, how gentle,
How full of honour ? judge thou, that wert witnesse
Of his acts.

Phil. Madam, I see you are resolv'd, and then
I know you will not want an Argument;
Now I know not whether 'twere a blessing
Or no, their protection brought since you
Beleeve they love.

Cecil. If thou turne away, I'le blush,

He looks away.

And tell thee why I beleeve our loves ;
His frien dship could not divide him from me
Thou saw'st it made his vertues faultie passions
Searching with blushing wounds an enemy
In his friends breast. Oh my Cosen, when
I thinke on this ; I call to minde
How for my freedome, he stood as if
Hee'd beene immortall, and intending onely to

The Prisoners.

Let the false *Gallippus* wound his stout breast;
Which when he will defend none save the Thunderer
Or a friend can hit. Oh *Philon*, *Philon*!
When I consider these miracles, why should I be
So wicked, as to conclude him lesse then a God
That acts 'um? And now take thou a secret
From me, for I will satisfie thee
Even with a faultie act, which may looke
Like vanity; turne thy face and heare me:
I know my Cozen is full of honour, And
I know with all that honour he loves me.
This confession I would have dyed e're (thee
It should have beene forc't from me; but to conclude
For it makes thee a partie here, and thy love
As unfit to give counsell as mine incapable
To take it: And now I conjure thee
Follow and Obey mee, that will Obey my Fate.
Nor shall the winds that begin in stormes,

Storme.

To pleade against me prevaile: I'me resolv'd
And this night I'll to Sea, and in her greatest depth
Dive to finde that rich pearle, which the wise value
Not the lesse, for having a rugged shell.

Phil. Oh Madam, to be borne your kinsman was
One blessing, but to finde to have a friends place
In your thoughts two; And that you know I love,
And I not tell it, is a joy beyond
All but what your love brings, forgive me and
Henceforth I'll obey, not counsell. Your Galley
Shall instantly be ready: Thus I have gain'd
All my ends in love by having no unworthy one's
Vpon her.

Exit.

Cic. O Love doe thou prosper my intent
And a Virgin shall thy Priest become
And these great truthe in all thy Temple, scene

How

The Prisoners.

How in thy instant hand thou grip'st a bow
Larger than Ioves; and when thou thy darts lets flye
Immortalitie is no guard, but oft they have
Through his lightning shot and stroke the thunderer
Thy religion's easie, thy law light
For thy tables hold but one act, one Commandment,
Obey, we cannot misse the way, let none
Then say, this youthfull God on cruell is
Or blind, sure from disobedience growes
All the strays, crosses, dangers that we finde.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter a Hermit and his Sonne with the
body of an old man.*

Her. Gently sonne lay him downe, bow him forward
Storme.

More of these waters, he stirs, so, so,
Chafe him still while I dry his snow, which the Sea
Could not melt, 'tis he, strange accident!
But Ile not be discover'd yet.

Sonne. He sighes, there's some comfort in that:

Her. Sad condition for thy age, when tis a joy
To heare thee sigh.

Sonne. Good heaven: what does age abroad
At this time of his life?

Herm. Sure he has wandred farre that has mist
A resting place in his evening, and to be pittied
When his soue'd re-seeke his Inne thus late
At night.

Sonne. Sure he was of some religious order
By his habite?

Herm. No matter for his habit, pull it off
And fetch him my gray coate,
Dry now is better then rich.

Sonne. Which opinion if he had held, perhaps
His had beene dry now.

The Prisoners.

Herm. Good heaven what a night's here, the Evening
Promis'd dangers, but not like this : Sure this Barke
Was one of that fleet that we saw off the point
Last night, if we can recall life,
He may informe us who they were.

He stirs

Son. He stirs and sighes still.

Iudg. Wretched, wretched *Theogines*, what mercy
Is this that at length has found thee?
Was my selfe onely saved of this wracke?

Her. All else perish'd.

Iudg. Oh that I had mist this charity too
My friend aged *Persius* my brother
Brave *Memnon* and my sonne the hopefull;
All these my former losses have rob'd me of
My griefe, which else these poore men
Would have required of me. Oh equall heaven
Thy abus'd Oracle and breach of vowes
Thou now but begin'st to punish.
Father by thy habit thou art vow'd
Vnto the Gods, if then like me thou'lt not
Be punish'd for perjury, againe deliver me
To the doome they appointed; and
In the watery wombe of the Sea
Intombe me.

Her. Oh Sir, despaire not; they appoint us better
Then we can choose, and in our greatest distrust
Surprise us with their mercies.

Iudg. Heare but what I am and thou'lt be affraid:
To harbour me; for where e're I goe
Their vengeance pursue me
My name *Theogines* the Iudge,
Blest with all that men call happinesse,
Children wealth and power, to save or destroy
Where I liv'd: And though our state forbad

The Prisoners.

Kings, all but the name I possess, my brother
They have punish'd reign'd chiefe Priest.
As I rul'd Iudge equall in our birth's,
Equall in our blessings, in our power equall
And in our faults too alike guilty, But
Not alike punish'd, for he'l feare
Is lost for ever : But the fault which now
They are busie in punishing is this, 'twas
By our predecessours enjoyned as
A gratefull offering to peace, under whose protection
We found such benefits, As all our neighbour countries
Wanted ; That it should not be lawfull
For any to take up Armes but in their owne defence
Nor any upon paine of perpetuall banishment
Send their Sonnes abroad lest they might bring
Home, the dang'rous customes of other countries.
This Law was made and vowes with it
Of the strictest eyes : This vow we vow'd
And to this law with oathes were bound.

Herm. What danger could that bring you ?

Judg. O Father, this Law we broke and the curse
Of this vow pursues us, we know we had
Each of us a sonne and daughter, which blessings
Made us covetous to have our sonnes succede
Us in our honors, and therefore thought to breed
V'm abroad, where they might learne to rule.
Thus by ambition blinded he abus'd
The Oracle, and told the people 'twas
The will of the gods our sonnes should be sent
Abroad, and I affirmed if they commanded
The law assented. Then to the charge of
A faithfull friend we gave our children
(Who were so young they knew not themselves
What they were) with a command to breed 'um
Fit to be Princes : But neither to the world
Nor to themselves discover that they were so.

The Prisoners.

Long this fault lay not hid, for the abus'd Oracle
Vnask'd complaines, and to the incens'd people
Tells our falsehood: By them we were banish'd
Never to returne, which was some mercy,
But alas! Fate was juster then the people
For our sonnes are lost, my friend dyed and
My brother in our pilgrimage by a strange accident
Divided from me,
Now ought I to hope for mercy, or wish
To outlive their losses?

Herm. Yee are not secur'd yet that these are losses
Nor ha's any assured you they are dead,
Therefore deferre this sadnesse, and let me
Lead thee into my Cabbin.

Judg. O let me leane upon thy aged shoulder
For I have load will sinke me.

Herm. Doe :

Sad time the while when I can be a stay
To a Princes Sonne, make a fire upon the shore
He makes a fire upon the Stage.

That if any wretch unfortunate be cast
Vpon this lone place they may see it, and
Repaire hither, 'twill be some comfort
To finde we have charitie. Exeunt.

Scena Terza.

Enter three Slaves. Storme

slaves. The Gods protect us and with all this judgment.

Enter Galippus.

Gall. Hence yee dogges leave your howlings, death!
Have we liv'd as if we hop'd for mercy, or
Expected protection from our prayers, be gone
And endeavour: Every wise man rules
His starres, and may deferre that fate which Prayer
Cannot alter, see it I have not lost

My

The Prisoners.

My power, why stay yee? who plyes the pumpe now?
Sheele founder through the slaves negligence.

Sta. Why should we labour against heaven
That has decreed our losse, there's no hope
We are all lost, the Sea alreadie's our grave.

Gall. Villaine thou shalt not dye by water, Ile bee
thy fate.

And yours if yee stay

He stabs the Slave.
Exeunt Slaves.

Enter Zenon and Lucanthe.

Zen. See if the storme has not wrought in her element
Of water too, and blowne it in teares
From her eyes.

Gall. Would it had blowne the fire thence too,
The earthly part would not wound me, my danger
And their beautie in those active elements lye
For in her living Iet fire beares away.

Zen. I will watch him.

Steps aside.

Gall. Will you yet grant my suite and yeeld me love,
Or must I follow the example of the Gods,
And in a storme compasse my will? Say
Will you give, or shall I force?

Luc. Is this a time for love, when the raging storme
Drownes thy words? Oh thou abused power!
Who thus enrag'd pursues us ev'n to the last
Of all our name, and for abus'd sacrifice
Will the Priest in judgement offer.

If thou hast decreed my fall tak't while I am fit
For sacrifice, while I'm pure and my virgin Snow
Unsoyl'd, and protect me from this Ravisher
Whose impious heate burnes his hated breast
Ev'n in the bosome of the Sea.

Gall. Cease to curse and yeeld me love, thou see'st

The Prisoners.

All the Ship is busie with apprehension
Of our danger, which my love will not give
Me leave to feare, thoughts of that take up
All the roome here, that care of my selfe
Cannot get in, Nor is this storme so dangrous,
You're unacquainted, else you'd finde it but noyse
And not apprehend it.

Lucan. Away, unhand me.

*He offers to take hold
of her.*

Gall. To me tis no new things to see the Elements
At warre, and strive againe to runne to *Chaos*
Thousands of times have I naked stood the rage,
When th' Element of fire has shot his angry flames
Into the yeelding maine, as if he had meant
To wound her god with his fork'd lightning;
This I have scene and felt the mischiefes
The unruly windes beget when they breake prison
And force from the torne entrance of the earth,
A dang'rous birth.

Luc. O impious man! hast thou scene their power,
And felt their mercy, and do st slight it?

Gall. Slight it, no, nor feare it: I Have scene
A hideous storme grow from his nothing, and
Look'd on Sea, heard the false winds whisper to her
Till their flatteries have wrought into her bosome,
And there fil'd with ambition the covetous Element
That would aspire at heaven, discovering
E'en to the eyes of men the secrets of
Her wombe, This I have scene and these dangers
Wrought through, Nor wil I beleeeve any thing
Can save me when I cannot save my selfe.
Will you yeeld?

Luc. Oh strange daring! quench his sawcy flames,
or adde.

Your

The Prisoners:

Your fire to 'um, and hide your lightning in his lustfull
breast.

Foole and villaine I never met before :

Though wise and wicked soldome joyne do'st tempe

Me now with all my feares about me ?

If I were a common prostitute that were

Acquainted with sinne ; I durst not when Thunder
speakes.

Listen to thee, thy wickednesse

Shakes even my reason; rather fall upon thy knees

And no longer tempt the Gods to our destruction.

Gal. Away I'me deafe.

Lucan. Villaine wilt thou sinne, while

His plagues hang over thee ? And adde to thy faults

While he is punishing ? O yee winds take my teares :

Vpon your wings, and through this storme convey

'Vm to that youth, whose honour tooke me even

I'th midst of my dangers; And

Tell his faith unfortunately hath betray'd

Me to this misery.

Gal. Hah ! is there another that you love ?

Nay then the earth shall not save thee.

Enter Zenon.

Zen. But it shall. Veere more sheate !

Hale tacke aboard ; Who's at helme ? Master !

Set a yare man to the helme, Thus, thus.

Hel. Done 'tis.

Zen. No more.

Gal. Hell take thee for thy interruption.

Exit Lucanthea.

Zen. Lower your maine saile, 'twas your fault

We lac'd our bonnet too; full, full.

Hel. Done 'tis.

Maft. Strike our fore saile, heere's a gust will beare

C 5

Our

The Prisoners.

Our Mast by the board else.

Gall. How now Master is she tight?

Mast. No a pox upon her for a whole she leakes
But we have girt her; port, port hard

Helme. Done, done 'tis.

Zen. Who keeps the lead there?

Within.

dem a deepe fiftene fathome and a halfe O,

Gall. Where's the wind?

Zen. North-East.

Mast. What ground ha' yee?

Within.

Corrall.

Mast. Hell and confusion! *Corrall?* Luff, luff hard;
Veare tacke and hale your sheate aboard, Boatswaine.

Brace your Foresaile, bring her ith vwind,

Be yare mates, clap helpe a lee, bring her

Whistles.

Vpon her staves: Hell and confusion!

We are upon the rockes of *Asuara*.

Zen. Keepe the Lead going.

Exit Zenon and Master.

Gall. What's my fate, is my fate, and it may conquer

Groaning within.

But I'll never yeeld too't, nor sinke while

These Oares can beare me through.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hiparchus and Pausanes.

Hip. Loose the slaves, we want men to trim our sailes.

Pau. Oh *Hipareus* that we had but

The *Pluto* here, to buffle with this storme

She would have layd her bough boldly in,

And cleav'd a growne Sea with her brazen prow:

This

The Prisoners:

This is a painted whore, her backe too weake
To beare her burden.

Hip. Hell upon her leeware jade shee's crank-sided too,
Shee'le beare no saile; full, full, there.

Helme. Done, done tis.

Hip. See how she sheer's to and agen, full, full.

Pau. Shee'le not feele her helme; port hard.

Hel. Done 'tis.

Enter Boatswaine.

Boat. Whose at the Helme, slave woo't bring our sailes
Into the winde, veare more sheate there,
For heavens sake Gentlemen to your Cabbins and pray.
Now mates stand to your Sailes, in with the leade there.
Hoh the Cunnerey dew, west, steere dew-west,

Enter the King and Eucratia.

We are too farre upon the lee shore, we shall never
Weather the land, if we fall to the Southward.
We be lost, the westward has a safe Bay
Wee'le beare up with the Land, full, full, ho!
Courage Madam we have a tight ship
And a stout ging, veare tacke and hale in
Your maine sheate, more hands there, in with
The foresaile.

Hip. Right, right your Helme.

Helme. Done 'tis.

Pau. Mates cleare an Anchor to drop e're she strikes,
Thus, thus.

*Exeunt all but the King
and Eucratia.*

King. O ignorance of man! tis best seene
In divers wayes that knowledge runnes, this their Art
And wise direction is to me distraction:

Oh

The Prisoners.

Oh Madam let me adde to these dangerous
Multitude of waters my teares, that my repentance
may

Wash off this staine : 'Tis not the Sea
I sinke under, but my faults to you.
Can you forgive my blindnesse that has led
You into dangers, accursed be that traytor,
Villaine that brought 'um to that extreame,
Those a land I could have redcem'd but this
All these waters cannot prize.

Euc. 'Tis not dangers fright mee, though yours bee
joyn'd

To them, for which Heaven knowes
I have a paine, you prov'd such a friendly enemy?
My griefe concernes not my selfe now,
For I'm onely in the power of heaven, and
The gods are no lesse strong at Sea than land
And though their wonders dwell i'th deepe, yet
Their mercies waite there too.

King. Oh divine *Eucratia*!

Let me kneele to thee, and in this storme call
Vpon thy name to save me.

Euc. Tempt not those powers which must protect us
But joyne with me for my lost Sister poore *Lucanthes*,
Who is not onely subject to this storme
But the dangers too, with which a Traytors lust
Begirts her, Oh Sir I know to dye
Spoke she is now her prayer, and all her wishes
Include but what we pray against, a wracke.

King. She strikes Oh! we are lost, she strikes Oh.

Within, Oh, oh, oh.

Enter Pausanes and Hiparcus.

Pau. Man the Long-boate, not a man enters

Till

The Prisoners.

Till the King and Queene be in, Sir descend the Ship
strikes. Storme.
The Long boate now is all our hopes.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

*Enter Gallippus with Lucanthe tyed to his backe
and the knot in his mouth.*

THe fire of lust and warmth which that heate lent,
Gave me strength to resist this coldnesse of the water;
And to my appetite and longings the power
That sav'd me: If I can call backe her life
Ile sacrifice this lambe: To my backe
I made Zenon binde her, that shee might not
Have her will ere I had mine, which was
To dye, the knot in my teeth I held, that when
I could keepe her no longer she might slip,
For my love 'tis vow'd to the living not the dead;
And when I cannot what I woo'le, I woo'le
What I can; to yonder fire which guided mee to this
safetie
I beare my load; when she begins to live
Ile seeme to dye: And so ile handle this chance.
And in oylie words clothe this service,
Faintly pleading pardon for my past faults
As if I had onely life enough to tell her
The obligation she owes, then if I finde
Her melt ile by degrees Ile let her charitie prevaile
And slowly seeme to recover. But if she
Rejoyce in my fall, and my prayers faile,
By all the Gods her's shall not prevaile.

Exit.

Scena

The Prisoners.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the King, Eucratia Hiparchus and
Pausanes all above.*

King. The storme begins to cease
And this our miraculous deliverance
Calls for a hearty and speedy sacrifice,
Oh Sir looke they swim still!

Euc. In Charitie as a sacrifice for our deliverance
If it be possible save 'um, the youth
That strikes the water with unskilfull oares
O save, save th'innocent.

Pau. Be at peace if it be in man
Ile save him.

Hip. What doe you meane?

Pau. To leape in.

Hip. Tis desperate.

Pau. Tis honest, nay tis honorable, and when
Can a young man die better, or hope to have
His end waited on with braver mourners,
Thou seest I have hunted from danger to danger
All my life but to finde a name, or one
To owne me, and cannot compasse it,
Therefore to choose I'de leape into this danger
From this glorious end I may in story,
Therefore leave to counsell and leape in with me
And let us through this as a thousand other
Dangers to gather labour, then if I faint
Hiparcus will be by, or if Hiparcus faint
Am not I there? farewell, if thou wilt not follow.

He leaps in.

Hip. He's gone, *Pausanes!* friend steere thy course
To yonder fire, there I'll meete; And

If

The Prisoners.

If it be possible assist thy brave resolve.

King. Yee Gods! what strange breed of men are these!

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gallippus with Lucanthe in his armes.

He carries her to the fire.

Gall. So here I'll rest my burthen, she begins
To recover her strength and reason workes apace,
She cal'd for helpe but nam'd no body
But at large, gentle souldier helpe.

Luc Oh Save me, save me, gentle youth I'me betraid!

Gall. Agen.

Luc. Hah! where am I? what place is this?

Gall. Now *Gallippus* hide thy snares cunningly
And then thou maist catch this bird.

Gallippus lies downe by her,
and counterfeits him-
selfe dead.

Luc. Hah wet! Good heaven! now my feares
Returne with my reason I remember
The danger I was in by a storme at Sea
Hah! whats this? a man laid by my side?
Sleepes he, or is he dead? good heaven protect me
How came I here? who's this *Gallippus*? hee's so wicked,
Me thinkes his ashes should be dangerous,

He groanes.

Hark he groanes.

Enter Hipareus.

Hip. Yonders the fire to which my friend will
steere
His desperate course. Hah! what doe I see?

Lucanthe

The Prisoners.

Lucanthe and *Gallippus* dead by her?

Gall. Who's that nam'd *Gallippus*, *Zenon*?

Gallippus stirres and when he sees
Hiparcus rises.

Luc. Alive!

Gall. *Hiparcus*! nay then my fate pursues me hard.

Hip. Art alive! yee Gods take this in sacrifice

He kneeles and kisses
her hand.

Till I offer you.

Luc. 'Tis he, 'tis the youth that sav'd me! Oh Sir
Protect me from this ravisher.

Hip. If thou scap'st me now I'me strangely curst;
They fight.

Doe you stare?

Gall. Shce's lost, I bleed apace.

Hip. I'me wounded.

They are both wounded.

Gall. Nay it has a mouth would it had this tongue
in it.

Hip. You can fall when y'are not dead, if thou jests
now

Take that earnest.

Gallippus falls.

Gall. Hold, I'me unfit for such a sudden, And it----

Luc. Oh Sir, spare him a liule time, to throw off
That load that sinkes him.

Hip. Oh Madam, to what a danger my mistake
Of service brought you, are you not at warre
With all our Sex, for the treacheries of this villaine?

Hiparcus as he speaks faints.

Luc. How doe you Sir? he faints.

Hip. I bleed a pace, And I feare my wounds
Are deeper then I apprehended, I feele a darkenesse
Now begin to close mine eyes, Oh Madam, Madam!

He falls.

Luc. He faints!

Oh

The Prisoners.

Oh yee gods send some ayde and counsell
To a wretched maide, whom yee have pursued
with chaines of fate. Oh that I had dyed
E're I had seene my blisse, unfortunate *Lucanthe*
To see my love thus in cradle bloody,
As if 'twas borne onely, to let thee know
A cause of griefe.

Enter Iudge.

Iudg. This way I heard some cry for helpe, and 'twas
Mingled with the noyse of Swords.
What here a man wet and wounded? Good heaven!
Last night thou little expected'st such a land fare
More misery! whence are they? a woman too?
Tis some murder sure I'll take a sword
Those that could so destroy their youth
Won't not spare my age.

Luc. What art thou father, that pittiest our sad fates
Come hither and I'll teach thee how to mourne.

Iudg. Is he dead thou mourest thus? let me see
His wounds, hold up's head, he breathes, bow him for-
ward.

While I fetch a balsame, whose soveraigne power
If the vitall parts be not perish'd will
Restore his health.

Luc. Runne, runne, Oh my joy if thou dyest, upon
thy Tombe

I'll lay a Marble rough as thy fortune
And on it sit fixt a living statue,
Till with my teares I have pollish't it.

Iudg. So poure this balsame into his wounds, and
binde

It up and stay his head, while I goe finde
The Hermits sonne, he shall helpe
To beare him to our Cabbin.

Enter

The Prisoners.

Enter King, Eucratia, Sortanes, Hermit, and his Sonne.
with the bodies of Cicillia and Pausanes.

King. Bring 'um to yonder fire.
And while Eucratia applies her charitie to the youth
I'll assist Pausanes.

Judg. Eucratia, who nam'd Eucratia?

Luc. Why, dost thou know Eucratia?

Iud. Know her? yes Lucanthe.

Luc. Father?

Iud. Tis shee.

Luc. Oh yee Gods your hands are visible
Through all this change!

King. What are those about the fire?

Eucratia goes to the fire and knows them.

Euc. Lucanthe and Theogenes. Oh Sir we are blest
Beyond our hopes.

Iud. Eucratia here too! Oh remove my doubts
By what fate are we met thus strangely?

King. I will aske a longer time Sir then her charitie
Now can spare to tell.

Sortanes. Father they are all acquainted and yet in my
conscience

They never appointed this meeting.

Herm. Whats here? a womans breast in a doublet?

*In this time the Hermit is busie
about Cicillia.*

Ladies some of your hands will be proper here
This habit belongs not to the sex it cloathes.

Euc. A woman?

Herm. Yes.

King. Sortanes have you never secne that face?

*The King gazes and calls Sortanes,
they know the face.*

Sortanes. Yes on my life,

King. Tis Cicillia.

Cic.

The Prisoners.

Cic. Here, oh here, who cald wretched *Cicillia*?

King. Madam your charitie has found my Sister, my Friend,

All that I call deare, and see if a crosse fate
Have not attempted to match her hence,
Oh persist in your charitie, and a little dispencc
With your joy, and try to save her.

Euc. If my blood could save her, to every veine,
I would a passage give, & through that thousand streames
Pursue her safetie.

Herm. More of strong water,

The Hermit busse to save Pausanes?

And give him leave to breathe,

Euc. Here put on this loose robe, and hide her disguise

Gall. Some Charitable hand convey me to *Hiparcus*
That from my dying lippes I may breathe in
Comfort: about my necke you'll finde
Two golden Medalls which I tooke
From his and *Pausanes* bosome.

In which (I heard one *Perseus* tell
Who that day fell) was writ their names
And countries, which yet they know not.

Judg. *Perseus*! who can tell tidings of the aged *Perseus*?

Gall. I, At the sacke of — — he fell by my hands
When I tooke those youths prisoners
They cald him Father. Oh! I feele I'me siaking.
But whether, Oh whether? Mercy!

He dyes.

Judg. I'me wrapt in amazement at these things

*The Iudge takes the
Medalls from Gall.
bosome.*

These are the Medalls we hung about
Our childrens neckes, which of these two
Was cal'd *Pausanes*.

Euc. This.

Judg.

The Prisoners.

Judg. On thee then fall a blessing, but on thee
My sonne a thousand thousand blessings ;
A weeping Father shall with penitent teares
Call downe.

Herm. What have I liv'd to see ?

Judg. Oh *Lucauthe* and *Eucratia* see your long lost
brothers.

King. Though my part be strange, yet these wonders
Make it seeme nothing : there's such providence
In' chances ; How fares my *Cicillia* ?

Cic. Oh brother can you forgive this fault ?
I heard some body name *Pausanes*,
Where is he ?

King. Here.

Cic. There ! and not come to *Cicillia* ! Oh ! my
feares.

Will end this wracke. Speake,
By all the honours of thy youth I conjure thee !
Is he dead or no ?

King. No upon my life he lives and is found a Prince.

Cic. O my brother, will you not then---

King. Why dost thou hide thy blushes in my bosome ?
Think'st thou I can be cruell to *Cicillia* ?

No, no, since I saw thee, I have felt thy paine
And now can love too, but dare not promise
I shall be fortunate.

Euc. Can I adde to your joyes ? If I can :
Let this Priest witness my vowes to the King.

Herm. Will it please thee King to retire to my home-
ly Cell,

'Tis free from storme unlesse you bring 'um with you,
I've liv'd long there, yet never felt any
Save what my sinnes brought : some skill too
I have in Hearbes, and fortunate I thanke the gods
I have beene in my attempt in Surgery.
And hope they'll smile upon these Patients too.

The Prisoners.

I finde no danger of death among'st 'em,
And when I have my Salvatory layd by
Then I'll take up my Beads. For the Priest I see
Must compleate the joyes of these happy paires
My interest in which I'll no longer hide.
Oh speake *Eucratia* think'st thou the gods
Will accept an offering from aged *Memnon's* hand?
If thou think'st they will, here I'll throw off
My disguise: And from a Father and a Priest,
Sir, receive her.

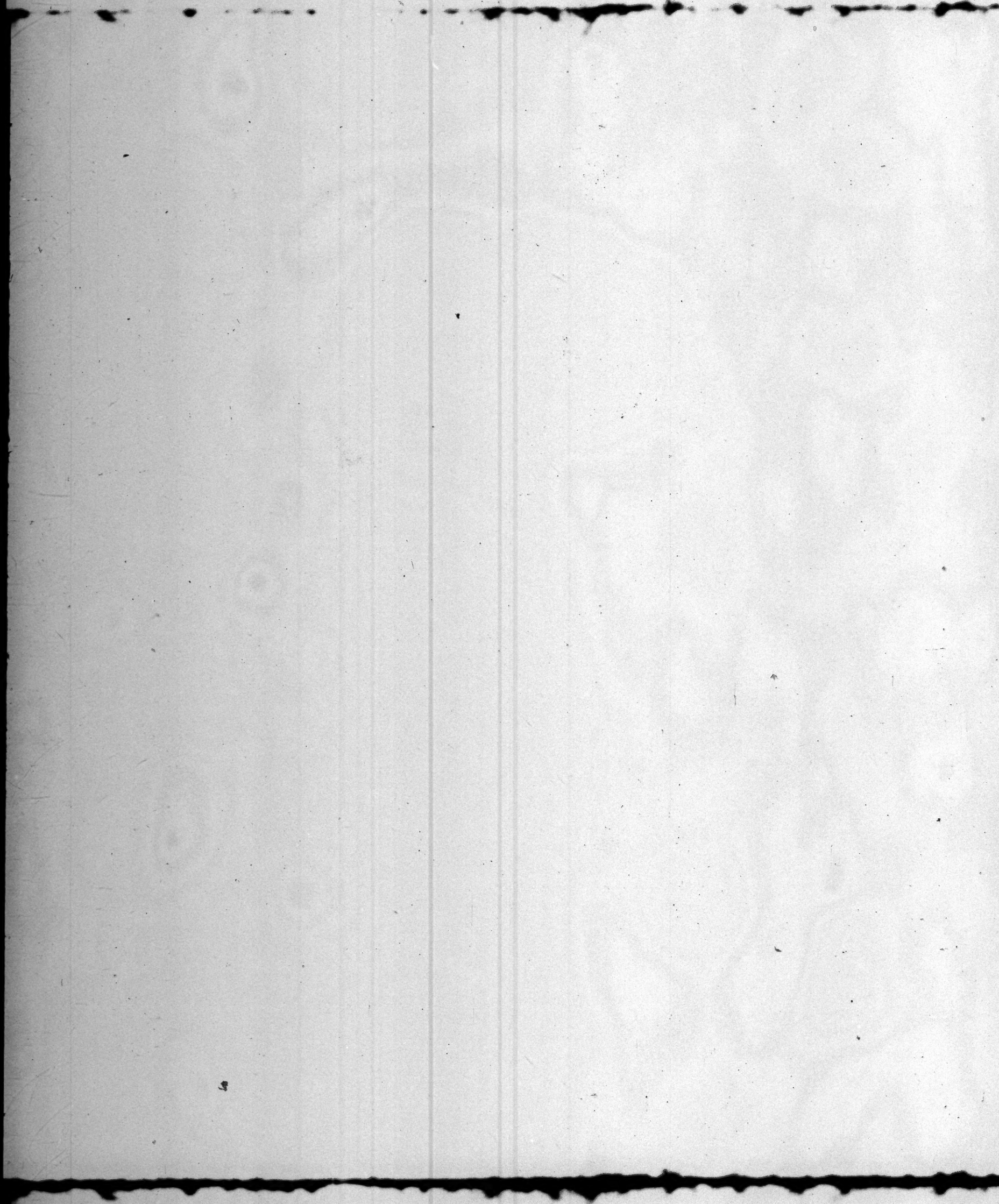
Euc. My Father?

Judg. Memnon? my brother? Oh welcome!

King. Let me interrupt your joyes, lest their excess
Prove dangerous, and to the gods that have wrought
This blessing, let us passe to sacrifice.

Her. Leade on *Theogines*, while we
These young men beare off, on each of which
A Virgin shall like their good *genius* waite.
The story how we came to be thus happy
We'll deferre to a fitter time:
When we have set these Prisoners free
And prov'd Loves fetters libertie.

FINIS.



CLARACILLA:

A Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Presented at the *Phœ-*
nix in *Drury-Lane*, by her Ma-
jesties Servants.

Written by *Tho. Killigrew. Gent.*

First Edition.



LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew*
Crooke, and are to be sold at his shop
at the signe of the *Greene Dragon*
in *Pauls Church-yard*.

1641.



The Actors Names.

The King.

Appius a Prince.

A Prince.

Melintus, Lover of *Claracilla,* } Sonnes to the
Phicemon, Friend to *Melintus,* } Kings brothers,
Timiltus, Friend to *Melintus.*

Silvander an usurper, in love with *Claracilla.*

Seleucus, A Lord, and favorite to the King, in love
with *Claracilla.*

Manlius, } Two Pirats disguis'd on *Silvanders*
Tullius. } Party.

Ravack, A Slave.

Claracilla, The Princess.

Olinda, A Maide





CLARACILLA.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King, Appius, Selucus and Attendants.

King.



Elucus you know the soule of our designe
Lies in the speedy and silent execution
Of the Plot, let us not presume in their
securitie

Till we fall in our owne, but goe, and
when

They have begirt the place, give us notice that
With our charge they may at once, feare and feeble
Their danger, and by us be cloath'd in ruine
Ere they know whose livery they weare. *Exit Selucus.*
This if Fortune be a goddesse and joyne
With justice, and with her strength will assist
Our industrie, must be, for where justice
Strikes, in what corner of the earth can victory
Hide her selfe, and that youthfull hand
Not finde her.

Ap. I should blush at this
If there needed more arguments to confirme
I shall be victorious : then the reward

D

Pro-

Claracla.

Purpos'd, for had the Gods intended the farre fam'd
Claracla's vertues a reward for treason,
They would not then have left her vertue
Such a guard, whose power hath stood
Amongst Traytors, when yours fell upon
The faith that bore it.

King. You oblige me Sir, and this sweetnesse
Makes me begge you will be pleas'd to let me
Once agen call to your memory some
Particulars of that tedious story
My miseries made me recount to you; this Traytor
Strander, having by my love gain'd an interest
And by my smiles climb'd over the head of all
His followers, in the strength of this trust, grew
Too powerfull for me, and in a battaile where
My cause onely stricke, got the day.

Ap. These are faults the Gods must punish,
But his usurpation of the Princeesse, and
Intended rape, which in a marriage he labours,
Are those that blow my rage.

King. Tis true, it has alwayes beene his ayne,
But his love by the gods appointed for his
Punishment; and our guard has given her a constant
Power over him, which we have so directed (strength
That shee has prevail'd with him to quit his greatest
And retreat with her to this private villa
Where now he remains, onely attended by some
Few troopes of horse, this opportunitie we owe
Her pietie, that has put it in our power to strike
For our revenge, and right agen. Enter Selucas.

Sel. Arise Sir, and behold how in the obedience
Of your command they are lost, ruine in silence
Like growth steales upon them, th'are now empal'd
And destruction hovers, yet undiscover'd
To the prey, but deferre no time, for night makes
Hast away, the cause hath such a glory

Claracilla.

Cast about the souldier, that it forceth day,
And victory in the resolution waies
But your command.

King. Sir pray be pleas'd to give
These lost men their doomes, the signal's yours.

Ap. Tis an honour and I accept it, and thus give it,
follow me. *Exit.*

King. And that souldier that shall refuse such a signall
Let his weighty feares sinke him where he stands,
Come *Selucus.* *Exit.*

Sel. Come *Selucus*, had not wont to be the word up-
on a charge
Of love, thy power hath disarm'd me, or rather envy
Hath disarm'd my love, could it be else
That I should stand thus unfold in *Claracilla's* cause
Whilst others guild their swords in her revenge, *Charge,*
It could not be, harken how eagerly they pursue
My misery, cruell honour puts me in, and tells me
I lose my interest in her, unlesse by giving
Wounds I pull on mine owne. *Exit.*

Enter Melinus, Timillus, and La come.

Mel. Come *Timillus* let us haste to the Charge,
Lest our friends beleve feare decline our haste,
And we are early enough, if we succede,
To let them see we have brought the wishes of friends.

Tim. Faith and if we doe not succede we shall finde
we came too soone, I am sure I shall in an overthrow, I
am certaine to get my share, when I list to want an ene-
my my friends shall knocke me o'ch head, for I thanke
my fates, Fortune has beene as bountifull of her mis-
chiefes to me as an enemy could wish, and that's but a
hard condition youle say, for a man like mine that can-
not aske rewards when he does well.

Mel. Mention not that here, when rewards grow
within thy reach, every daring forehead, and if *Timillus*
dares not gather them a must goe without.

D 2

Tim.

Claracilla.

Tim. You are ever thus snappish till I am angry, and then I fight to my owne ruine not my enemies, one would thinke you might allow a man his humour, and not be forc'd to fight your quarrell, but hee must fight your way too.

Mel. Yes, yes, prethe no more.

Tim. Now my choller is up I shall strike, but like Iohn of the Clocke house, that way my face stands; *Iacomo* keepe you out of the belfree.

Mel. Leave this discourse now *Timillas*, and follow me. *Exit.*

Tim. And what wilt thou doe *Iacomo*.

Ia. Who I? follow my master.

Tim. No prethee let us be friends, choose some other place, for I am resoly'd to keepe that my selfe, till I am beaten from it.

Ia. You are merry, but I have seene them clawd e're now that have taken it, but I hope youle finde better fortune.

Tim. A pox of Fortune, she has no such thing as good or bad belongs to her, follow me, and if we gaine the day I'll give her thee. *Charge. Exit.*

Enter Claracilla and Olinda.

Olin. Fly Madam, these enemies bring your freedome.

Cla. Be constant Heaven. *Enter Silvanter.*

Sil. What ho, *Claracilla*, gentle *Claracilla*

Dost thou flie me too, nay then I'me lost indeede.

Thou mightst have had mercy tho no love,

And preserv'd me for thy owne sake, for in this

Fall of mine, thou hast a hand in ruining thy

Owne Temple, nor canst thou after this ingratitude

Be term'd the just, however the faire *Claracilla*.

Enter Titius.

Within flie flie.

Tit. Fly Sir, flie, all's lost.

Not is it courage but despaire flaes yee, when
Safetie is already fled beyond the reach of men.

Sil.

Claracilla.

Sil. Doe thou flie fond wretch and in thy fate
Thou runst to finde how vaine thy counsell is,
No, *Claracilla's* cruell, I will not stirre
A foote that leades from danger, nor vainely
Attempt to escape the hand of heaven, unlesse
I could hide me from his eyes too.

Enter Melintus wounded.

What art thou that wear'st such death
About thee? and look'st as if
Thou cam'st to put of thy habit here. *Silvander stands*

Mel. Tis not you I looke for, 'tis something in amaze.
That shot from heaven before me, she appeard
Like innocence her selfe striking in her owne cause;
Saw you not that starre, did she not in her ascent
Passe this way---he minds not me

Melintus offers to goe away.

Sil. Tis so, this youth but saw her, and hees overcome,
Stay, what ere thou art that once againe
I may see thy face, and reade the story
Which love and anger appears so mingled in.
Now by all our gods, 'tis nobly writ, and had
I met it when I commanded fortune, I would
Have studied thee, and by obligations have grafted
Thee my friend, but since that power is gone

He drawes his Sword.

By this and my name, I command thee be my Priest,
Know *Silvander* the unfortunate calls thee backe.

Mel. *Silvander*, Oh ye Gods, what power ye give
To treason, that name hath disperst the cloud
That passion threw betwixt him and the revenge
Of a Fathers murder call'd unfortunate as wicked,
What fate rul'd thee thus to call me back.

Sil. Prethee youth no noise;
I was a traytor, but true to our King
And yet his power commanded me, and
Could my love to *Claracilla* have consented

Claracilla.

To have wonne such a Jewell in lesse then
A Crowne, or beene satisfied to have seene her
Whom I preferd before the Gods, stood second to any
Thou in all thy wounded faith which thus adorne thee;
Shouldst not have out-shin'd me this day in loyalty.

Met. Love and treason mixt, know, though thou
Hast prov'd thy selfe a cunning Chymist
In attempting to destroy that noble body,
Yet I have that here shall in spight of all thy
Adulterate mixtures restore and fix it, guard thee.

Sil. Prettie threaten not, for tho I prophesie
Thou bring'st my winding sheete, yet thou shalt see
My smiles with scorne wreath it about me,
And yet I meane not to fall unlike a souldier
Nor be buried without my rights about me, (thee.
My Sword upon my breast thus, and therefore guard

Met. Guard me, tis the office of the gods, to kill thee
Is to doe the execution, and the way
As safe as that the Ministers of justice
Tread, and were it as noble as just, I would
Command thee hold thy necke,
But I scorne such wayes to my revenge,
And therefore will take an equall tryall.

Sil. This youth must overcome, Honour
And justice both strike for him! and though
I fall I shall live in his fame!

Met. Yeeld and your person's safe, for 'twas
Against your cause, not you.

Sil. And ere this darkness hath quite shadow'd
Me, heare my story, that as thou hast punish'd
My treason, thou may'st pity my misfortune;
And thus when I am gone report of me,
Silvander bow'd to a cruell power, who
When he had offer'd all, that a lovers thought
Could compass, and the power of a King
Worne onely to serve in, when that power
Leapt, and my offerings came to be in the heart.

Not

Claracilla.

Not hand, and my prayers because unperfum'd,
Unheard, and I the offerer

Thus made the sacrifice; O gentle youth I
Would my bow to such a power as flies
Vs in our miseries, or worship that Image
Which thus falls upon her Priest? Diss.

Met. Unfortunate indeede, as all men are
That build upon faults, but I will not say ~~try~~ thee,
For where a King once grew, to sow pitty
Is the worst of changes. *Exit. Enter Appius and Selucus.*

Sel. This way Sir he went, if he me mortall,
But his stay's so short, that we but seeme
To follow in the tract he makes.

Ap. Let us lose no time then in overtaking him
That we may assist his worke.

Sel. I will not fight a foote further that way
If there be no enemies backwards, he make some,
Death, he not take ~~his~~ his leavings in the field

Ap. Come *Selucus* turne this fire the right way,
And 'twill light thee to finde out honour.

Sel. It has don't, but to day she is too busie
In obeying one mans fortune that my wounds
Are not current to purch. se her.

Ap. We are sure he is this way, for heer's his marke,
Where ere he goes he makes death his chara cter,
Know yee this that beares it.

Sel. Know him! yes, this stroke kild not a Traytor
But reason it selfe fell here, this is *Silvander*,
And hee's gone—envie be not propheticke, aymes
Beyond a crowne, it must be *Claracilla*,
Then yee gods whether else tends this youths flight,
Or what but she can satisfie, when a King
Cannot, this doubt makes me
Pursue him through a dangerous knowledge. Exit.

Enter Claracilla and Nicholas following her.

Cl. Sure this stranger knowes me not, he pursues me

Claracilla.

As if I were part of the enemy.

Mel. O stay, for know since I have once agen scene
My fate Ile reade it, what ever it be, tis
Written in so faire a booke — I.e unconfident

He kneels.

Of my armes I begge your stay, he begs that
Dealt death as oft as wounds to his opposers
In thy pursuite your feares wrong me, he
That dares fight with men will not warre with beauty
And this sword that hath cut through so many
Fates this day to finde mine owne, tremble not ;
For it hath ever ben the servant of justice not cruelty.

Cl. Sir, I know not guilt enough to beget a feare,
Yet if you meane me no harme why doe you
Pursue me, and neglect th'advantage fortune threw
Vpon your daring youth, have you such choyce
Of honour, you scorne to stoope for this, that you
Have ventur'd so far for, what dresse would you weare?
What beauties would your youth put on to make it
Lovely, when those wounds a Crowne and conquest
Cannot satisfie, when the heart thinks these?
No harvest, where would thy sword sow thy hazzards
To reape one more glorious.

He rises.

Mel. Faire soule goe on, and whilst you blame the
effect

Ile reade the cause, and thus looke upon the conquest
Crowne and reward I stricke for, if ever I
Have triumph it must passe through those Arches
In gentle smiles, and whilst I enjoy this happinesse
Let the Crowne and lawrell passe by, as the lesser
Good, nor would I give this to possesse the blessings
That attend them all.

Cl. Heaven grant this fruite be from a noble stocke
And yet tis safer to fore not, for I feare
I am not proofe against such vertue, 'twas the dresse
My *Melampus* wore when he appeard most comely

Nor

Claracilla.

Nor neede I doubt him, for never honour grew
Where 'twas not sow'd; Sir you forget your wounds,
They exact a care.

Mel. No faire one, I am now powtring Bálme into
them

And could I hope you would afford this way
Of cure, 'twould be one health, to not be heald,
She turnes away.

Why doe you turne away, and let my truthes
Fall ere they reach your eares, is it your feares
That would remove you, let this secure you
Tho I appeare in this bloody dresse more like a Priest,
Yet I am a sacrifice, and that sacrifice
Which once was acceptable to you. *(sake*

Cla. Sure I have heard that voyce, Sir for heavens
Wound me not with doubt; who are you?

Mel. Are there no lines in all this misery
That you can call to minde—— nor the Print

He pulls a patch from his eyes.
Of one joy which you set there.

Cla. Oh yes there is. *She leanes on him and weeper.*

Mel. Oh *Claracilla*—soule of honour, why doe you
not

In charitie quit your vertue, 'tis single here
That I may throw off my paine.

Cla. Oh *Melintus*, you must not wish it, *Melintus*
Can bravely suffer, he is a Souldier, loves
Souldier, but honours Leader— let me weep
My soule into thy noble brest, this payment
I can make to none but to thy selfe, those teares
That were due to absence, sadnesse payd thy memory:
Oh let me rest upon thee, my joyes are
Too great a load to beare---and feele how this
Melintus here, beates to mee *Melintus* there.

Mel. Oh ye Gods, tis Paradise sure, the way was so
rugged

D

That

CLARACILLA.

That leads to it?

Cl. 'Tis a great power we serve, nor is it more
Scene in his punishment that parted us
Then in this reward, but let us not my soule
Be too expressive in our joyes, it may
Displease those powers that have bin thus favorable,
And my *Melintus* had not wont to sacrifice unto
Himselfe, and so forget the gods.

She offers to goe from him.

Mel. Oh gentle *Claracilla* remove not from me,
For you mistake the posture, the breast is
Loves altar, and the seate of friendship, and
For sacrifice, is not *Claracilla* a fuller
Offering in either kinde, then a Cake or Spice
But I submit for *Melintus* shall never know
A reason to contradict *Claracilla*.

Cl. Yet let us remember what we owe to your safety
The care of your wounds too, but that I know.

Melintus ever plac'd dangers behinde his love
I should ere this have prompted you to a care of—

Mel. For my wounds the cause will heale them, to me
You owe nothing for your deliverance; your freedom
Grew here, and your enemies mistaking the place
In search of my dangers digg'd it out, and you leave.
Shall finde this truth in the beauty of the scarres they
Oh *Claracilla* thy faith makes me smile through all this
blood---

But hark, I heare we are pursu'd, this upon
Your faire hand, and then let me hide my love
And hame under my disguise. *He puts on his patch.*

Cl. 'Tis good night *Melintus*, now thou hast put out
The light, and like love himselfe th'art blinde,
And thou art all I worship of that god.

Enter Appius and Selucus.

3d. See where he stands, my feares were true
The Princess in his hand too, he holds her like

His

Claracilla

His prey in the foot--- Sir tho you foughe well
Yet this Lady will not prove your reward,
She cannot be a Prisoner here.

Mel. What I did well was rewarded in the fact;
And for this Lady I am so farre from hoping
She should be my prisoner, that I would
Have sufferd all the misery of warre
B're strucke one blow against her freedome?

Sel. Here is a Prince, whose youthfull fire blowing
With desire to serve you through thousand hazards
Hath this day courted your favour, and in his hand
You will seeme more aprly worne.

Ap. Madam, tho friendship seeme to direct, you
Have an interest that commands here, and tis
Honour enough, if you please to let me kisse your hand.

cla. Sir, Civilities are alwayes fruitfull, and beger
Civilities if they meete with honour, which I hope
Shall not be wanting to give a growth to what
You venture here.

Mel. Madam I see 'tis not my opinion onely
But this Lords too, that I am unworthy of this honour.

cla. If it be an honour wears it, you first secur'd it.

Sel. Will you make your hand the reward of fortune
And scatter your favours so that they be had?
For stooping, is that an honour due to the first comers;
If so I grutch it not, for such favours, and
Upon such ties he may weare it, else
I should be loath to stoop to he, that bowes to him.

cla. You are insolent.

Mel. Thus Madam be pleas'd to accept your due,
and then

Give me leave to exact mine--- Sir, let not your interest
Here, and the opinion you have but a single enemy
Make you presume to injure me nor so
Mistake my bonnie as to thinke I have throwne
My blood away in vaine; for the I see.

No

Claracilla.

No price upon my wounds, and contract not for
Killing of a Traytor, yet I can tell

Whether I am bid faire or no when I have don't,

'Tis nobler farre to give a Courtesie

Then sell it under, doe you smile? it may be

You have had good markers, and such weake chapmen

For those good few deeds you have done.

Sil. Yes, but if you were from this place, I would make

Thee pay deare for one, which should on thy

Heart write thou wert but my Factor, and all the honour

Thou art deft with, but my store.

Mel. You promise to your selfe too faire, and noy ses

Fright onely when we are ignorant of the cause

And there's too much in thee, to have a dangerous death.

Ap. Hold *Selucus* --- Sir when you know his good

You will pardon this ill, nor doe I meane it

An injury to shew by his envie what value

He sets upon your glories, and I make

No doubtr, when his reason hath purg'd this Choller

From his honour, you'll finde him a healthy friend

And his acquaintance, nor subject to these sickly passiōs

If he does as of a suretie command my faith

To make this good.

Mel. Sir I can easier beare injuries that I deserve not,

Then receive obligations that I cannot pay;

For injuries have a curse growing within my reach,

But obligations I must suffer under their weight,

If you propose not the remedy.

Ap. Come embrace, *Selucus* had not wont

To hate the person of an enemy, much lesse

Fall in love with injuries, especially when jealous

Honour begets them upon mistakes amongst friends.

Selucus salutes him and speaks by.

Sel. Love and honour, farewell to both,

My ends are the gods Ile worship now, and my nets

Once throwne, Ile catch them tho they swim in blood.

Enter.

Claracilla.

Enter King and Attendants.

Cla. See my royall Father, and I have reap'd
My blessings ere I have paid my offering,
Thus to the gods, I bow in pious obedience here to you.

King. Welcome deare *Claracilla*, rise, twice borne
To a Crowne, twice parent, & twice the issue of my joyes
And merit all the blessings that my prayers
Sacrifice can call downe upon thee, and you Sir (vors
To whom we stand thus oblig'd for unmerited fa-
Since you have left no other way to returne
Take the blushes you have begot, and be pleas'd
To let us know your name and country, that
Our gratefull mentions may not fall like darts
Throwne at nothing, sure 'tis a gratefull one
That has such store of vertues, that she can spare
From her helme such a Pilot in the course of honour.

Mel. Your pardon royall Sir, for disobeying your
command,

My Country I dare not tell, for as my parent
I would hide her name, and my name is, where
Tis knowne so displeasing, that I dare not
Venture it here, where I would remaine.
An humble servant.

King. Come my *Claracilla*,
Let not the heart forget to sacrifice
Vnto the hand, thus acknowledging to the meanes (her
And forget the power that commands them, but remem-
That the gods though they are oft times seene
But in the successe and latter end of things, yet their
Place is first, and ought to be so in our worship.

Mel. In the morning I shall begge leave to visit you.

Cla. I hope so.

Exit.

Mel. Sure I have surpriz'd my joyes, they had not
wont.

Enter Timidus.

To come thus naked, thus like Angels, whose
Cloathing is all we see, the rest is mystery---

My

CHARACTERS.

My friend ! pardon when I forget my selfe if thou
Appearst lost in my joyes.

Sel. He is alone, and something Ile doe, but stay
who's this ?

Tim. Prethee call thy bird backe againe, for mine
is flowne, that we may have something to trust to: this
is the comfort of a Comrade, a man may goe halfe, and
be both saviors.

Mel. Thou art wounded.

Tim. Why doe you wonder I should get a wound, I
wonder I got no more, I am sure I have beene where
fewer have beene dealt ere now, and yet more has salve
to my share, but by this hand I am glad thou hast got
some of Fortunes goods, as they call them by this
wracke--- I had a Smocke too, but it tore in taking up,
what are those that stand so at distance, are they ene-
mies or none.

Mel. Where ? O no.

Tim. Why then they are worse, for they are friends
that will be.

Mel. Th'are enemies to nothing but this daies fortune,
For yet they know not me.

Tim. Enemies to nothing but this dayes fortune, I
prethee what subje&t is there else for their hate, or with
but the wounds, and those are things I believe few co-
vet else on my conscience, one or other would have had
mine ere this time.

Sel. I must take some other time. Exit.

Mel. They are gone.

Tim. Let em goe--- and now prethee tell me--- what
was that--- what shee--- that went in, as thou lov'st
me let her not be ransom'd, till I have hung these fet-
ters about her for a night, by this hand wee'll share.

Mel. Dost thou know what thou hast said ?

Tim. What I have said, no nor yet doe care, but pray
what have I said ?

Mel.

Claracilla.

Mel. That which should be ashamed of when thou know'st of whom.

Tim. Why, I have not lyed *Melissus*, and for the who in woman, tis a thing I looke not after when mine eye is pleas'd, the Sex blesteth all the rest, the who, and what belongs to those fooles enquires, that hunts marriage.

Mel. Come you will be ashamed when you shall know This is that *Claracilla*, that thou hast heard me In reares so often mention, that vertue Which thou so admird'st from my relation, and whose Noble sweetnesse hath made kindred and dutie To my King the least eyes of the love and respect I beare her.

Tim. She is honest then—and no hope left by this hand, I'll be overcome hereafter and get more by it then such a conquest where a man gets nothing but cold honour. Doe you heare *Melissus* though she be a vertue as you call it, I hope there is a vice belongs to her.

Mel. Prethee put off this humour; repine at the Growth of honour; sad because a faire woman's honest.

Tim. No Sir, I am glad she is honest because it seemes honestly pleaseth you, but an honest woman to me is a booke I could never reade in, nor can I imagine why we should study them, they are secrets that reach but to one mans knowledge, and the best of them are worst, a knowledge whose birth is ignorance, and I'll not traffique for such commodities as are not vendible; and by this day, the very thought thee should be faire and honest, hath made me dry, looke how white I spit; let me goe that I may be drunke and forget the sad cause.

Mel. Drunke thou canst not, thou hast a leake will preserve thee
I will passe ere it come to fuming, you had best looke to that.

Tim. That, what? Who pox I can stop that with my finger.

Mel.

Clavacilla.

Mel. Come prethee leave thy fooling, and let me see't
I hope tis not dangerous.

Tim. No, no, never feare it, this narrow lane will not
prove my highway to heaven.

Mel. Prethee come away, then we shall be observ'd
To be so long together.

Tim. Hang observers, I'm sure they'll be yours, for
I ne're had any. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Manlius, Tullius and Dion.

Man. S Trip those slaves, and to the banke chaine
the Cowards

Slavery, 'tis no new thing to such as feare,
And Tullus loose that *Rhodian* on the Starboard banke;
Me thought that fellow look'd as if he were
Not justly yock'd with misery, in the heare
Of the fight I saw him shake his chaine, like
A fierce Dog held from the Chace.

Tul. Sir.

Man. Urge me no more, Justice as well as blood
Has an interest in the revenge I take,
And that makes it healthy, tho it may be
That which anger hunts would taste as sweete.

Enter Philemon.

Tul. Sir your pardon, tis my ignorance in the cause
Of your displeasure made me mediate for them.

Man. And because Tullius shall not thinke that

Manlius

Would in misery expect, the compassion
That he would not give, you shall know why.
I refuse these my Country men in misery.
The mercy I found from thee in mine.

Tul.

Claracilla.

Tull. Sir not that I doubt you have one; but the desire
To know it makes me beg you would relate
The cause, *Tullius* can be but faithfull
When he has heard it, and that I hope is
Not to be question'd now.

Man. Know then in that day when treason flew above
Iustice, and false *Silvander* enrich'd by his masters trust
Out-vy'd t' e noble King with his owne bounty
Who too late found his love had not bred a friend
But begot a Traytor, 'twas upon that day
The brave *Thiander* fell, the interest I had in this fault
Heaven I hope hath pardon'd as well as punish'd;
But to be short, our party having gain'd the day,
The crowne, and beautie that attended it,
The faire *Claracilla* fell into the hands
Of false *Silvander*, where her vertues by daily seeing
Them, dispers'd the Clowd ambition had set betwixt
My loyalty and me, and then too late
I repented what I had done, yet not willing
To despaire before I had attempted something;
I undertooke an act, which if heaven had smil'd on
Might have redeem'd my forfeit honour, 'twas
To heale the wounds I made with the blood of
The surpriz'd Traytor, whose fall I had decreed
In the midst of all these false glories.

Tu. How came it justice was so absent to her owne
cause.

Man. His sinnes it seemes were not ripe, nor this pu-
ment

That heaven design'd him, which by this I hope
Is fully paid, but the particuler, one night
Being in the Princesses chamber contriving
Her escape, which we resolv'd should be ere
I gave the blow, a guard seiz'd me and no cause given
I was sent to my ruine as he design'd
There your gratitude preserv'd me afterward

Learnt

Claracilla.

Learnt the occasion, that these men whom fortune
Now has given into my power urg'd the last-burnt
T ray tor

To a rape upon the Princeesse, & with a forc'd marriage.
Counsell'd him to confirme his title, and blew in his
Eare that there was love betwixt the princeesse and me
Which if his care remov'd not, would prove
A hindrance to his designe, and from this
Grew this necessitie, which made me receive
The command my better fortunes gave your merit;
Now be you Judge whether or no they see Iustice
In this punishment.

Tul. 'Tis visible they bow under a weight
That justice hath laid upon them, and my gally
Is both a prison and Sanctuary.

Phi. Is this *Mamlur*, and this the cause of his dis-
grace.

Man. But see the slave I sent for, *Tullius*.
Was he bought or taken?

Tul. 'Tis one of that Gang defended the *Rhodian*
When we lost so many men in fight.

Man. I remember the story, but how came it
He was left when you sold the rest.

Tul. They did not like the price, besides he was dogged
And that made me put him to the Oare.

Man. Of what country art thou, and thy name?

Phi. Of no country, nor no name in Chains;
Slave--- is a being--- that what has beene, is
Of no force against, else my name and country
Are not things to be asham'd of.

Man. Yes if you thinke they have power to gaine
your freedom
You are too blame to keepe them hid.

Phi. I have vow'd not to discover till I have my free-
dom, and
I will not.

Man.

Claracilla.

Man. Why so doggedly?

Phi. Why not, what is there in my fortune that needs
feare

A worse condition, or what danger in a slave
Worth your consideration what he saies, if you dare
Venture a good deede give me credit for one,
And set me free.

Man. No, no, we must not be forc'd to a benefit;
Tullius command thy Gally to put from shore
And lye loose to night to be ready if there be
Occasion offerd, we will stay a shore to night
And expect what issue this dayes trouble hath. *Exit.*

Phi. Yes I was of the *Rodian* gang, and chiefe
Tho you know it not, and had our seconds beene men
Of soules and not made up of seares, might have
Playd your parts now, to what a misery of condition
I am false; the last *Man* because I was wounded
No body would buy me, the soule of a slave
In their esteeme not weighing downe his limbes;
Yet god wether send me libertie, or take
Your gifts againe, honour, and his issue courage;
Iustice / faithfullnesse are of no use to me,
Who would be judg'd by a slave, courage in chaines
What can it hurt, or so be faithfull of what use
When we are not trusted? Oh my fate, why was
I borne free? Had I beene bred a slave I
Could have sung in my chaines, nay to have perished
In them had beene dying in my calling, but to fall
From greatnesse, and without assault be punished
With the guilty, nay where the guilty scape?
False *Rhodes* my curse kindle a fire within thee,
The freedome that my soule brought thither threw me
Into her dangers, which their cowardise
Had made such certaine ruine in their apprehension
That not one amongst them had man enough
To looke upon their seares, I then a God was held
Because

Claracilla.

Because I durst venture this to become a sacrifice. *Exit.*

Enter Selaeus solus.

Sel. Yee gods by what waves or markes should men
Follow what is good, when vertue her selfe
Does not alwayes keepe one path, when *Claracilla*
Which has all I know of vertue, shall quit
The godlike attribute of truth, and the guard
Which innocence secures her from impious men with,
And flye for safetie to an excuse, she denyd
My visit at the price of a lye, and at
That rate of sinne bought a strangers company;
Olinda assures me hee's at this time with her:
But why doe I thus without danger barke
Against him, and let this tree without a roote thus lye
That can beare me no more fruit stand in my prospect?
It shall not, I will see her, and since she can
So put off her honour, as to lye for one man,
Who knowes but she may lie with more? *Exit.*

Enter Melintus and Claracilla.

Mel. You have now heard all the passages of my life
Since that sad day we parted to this happy houre
Which if poore *Philemon* had liv'd to see
How happy had we three beene.

Cl. Have you not heard of him, since his losse at
Rhodes?

Doe you beleeve him dead?

Mel. My love makes me beleeve what I feare, for he
Had many wounds; besides I know his ransome
Would have pleas'd the Conqueror better then his bond
For they were Pirats, but no more of this
Sad subject now.

Cl. Oh *Melintus* grow not weary of mentioning a
friend,
Tho' it be sad 'tis joy, and let that beare
The weight, had *Philemon* liv'd to have seene me
And *Melintus* lest ye should have buried our dayes

In

Claracilla.

In your story ere suffer'd thy name to have pass'd
Vnmention'd, *Philemon* to his friend a lambe
And in such softnesse he alwayes wore his Lyons heart;
Philemon whose youth had growth with us, a plant
By the same hand set, a flower from our owne stocke;
And all his sweetnesse a kin to us, and we
Ought to be ally'd to his misfortunes, but why doe I
Teach *Melintus*, tis boldly done to give lawes to him
That is such a master in the rights of friendship.

She weepes.

Mel. To let you see I love *Philemon*, I doe not grudge
Him that precious dew, and gentle *Claracilla*,
Witnesse my soule hath one consent with yours,
See I can beare you company in your owne Sex.

Cla. Oh yee gods he weepes; *Melintus* weepes
What agonie must this noble youth feele
When his soule sweats such drops, pardon me for
Thus stirring thy griefe.

Mel. Doe not thinke I left the subject because
I was weary of the discourse, or could
Enough mention *Philemon* that durst be my friend
When 'twas certaine ruine, and now hee's dead,
I breake no trust to tell you the cause was a greater
Tie then any effect it had, know *Philemon*
Was in love with *Claracilla*, and 'twas with *Claracilla*.
And not himselfe, for when by my trust he
Found your softnesse and receiv'd impression
From my constant love, and you were pleas'd to call me
Your *Melintus*, I became his too, and to serve us
In our wishes was all the heaven he aym'd at:
And now my soule either you must confesse me
Vnworthy or else grant such daring courage
And such fearefull love as *Philemon* commanded
Could never sinke from the soule of *Melintus*.

Cla. Since *Melintus* hath begun, take my confession
too;

Know

Claracilla.

Know I saw it long agoe and decreed
Rewards of friendship for the noble youth,
For when 'twas beyond my power to cure, it had
Beene crueltie to have inquir'd the paine, and therefore
Would not see what I pittied, and now
You have all the secrets of my heart, those of joy
This friendship multiplies, and those of griefe
Thus thou divid'st thy paine— *Enter Olinda.*

Mel. Oh lay thy whole weight here.

Olinda. Madam, *Selucus* upon earnest businesse,
As he pretends, will see you.

Enter Selucus.

Clara. How I will see me, tell him—

Sel. Nothing, he knowes too much Madam,
Tho when my anger, which envie and your cause
Begot, was growne to such a destructive height
That I could not rule it, till it had found
My owne ruine in your frowne, yet a Souldiers
Envie is no sin, nor ought his anger
Be punish'd by his friends, when he appears
Not in love with his fault, nor seekes to justify it.
This day I beg leave to crave your pardon
For my offence, you refus'd my visit, and made
An excuse to admit this; Madam 'twill be no glory
To you, that you could withstand these seiges, which
Silvander and my selfe I aid against you
By many services when it shall be knowne
You were o'recome by a single one, and yeelded
At first sight.

Clara. *Selucus* when I take you for my friend Ile
Take your counsel, and not till then for the
Services you urge they have beene alwayes drest
So in commands that they appear'd unbecomming.

Sel. Madam, you did not looke with equall eyes
Vpon them, else their passion would have appear'd
Their greatest beauty, and I never spoke

Loves

Claracilla.

Loves language more then when I was least a Poet.

Cla. The love of Subjects is the reward of duty,
And those whom we pay we doe not thanke;
The hireling ought to serve.

Sel. Madam, you speake as if I serv'd for bread,
And forget that Subjects are heavens servants,
And 'tis the gods that appoint us Kings, and I
Am doom'd to it, not want that makes me weare
The livery of subject, which you are not exempt from;
But I wonder what mighty Prince this is
That thus vouchsafes to hide himselfe.

Cla. This is insolence here.

Mel. Your pardon Madam tis my *Q.* your Sex cannot
Strike. *(mc)*

And 'twas the respect which this place claimes made
Stand thus long his marke, now to you who this
Second time with scorn looker upon my counter,
When a calme has hid it, know in the best
Of all thy ill acts thy love, thou art a slave
That durst hope this Princess would be food for ser-
vants;

And cho thy fawning on thy masters feet
Have beene cherish'd so that thou hast lost
Their crummes there, and art now set by him
Snatching at his owne dish.

Sel. This to me.

Mel. Yes to thee which hast now begun thy lap
Which I prophesie will end at his throat,
Nor are such dogs strange in this state, remember
Yesterday when one of that hated breed
Fell unpittied.

Sel. Sure you doe take me for a coward, you durst not
Vrge me thus else.

Mel. No Sir that would secure you, nor doe I believe
Tho you have many faults, coward any of them.

Sel. He wake you in the garden.

Exit.

Mel.

Claracilla.

Mel. Ile follow you --

Madam let not this threatned storme fright you,
Your interest lies in the securitie
Of my innocence which cannot fall here,

Cla. Oh that *Melintus* would heare my reasons
For what I say, e're accuse me for having
Too much woman in my suite, and then
I would tell him he must not fight, at least not now.

Mel. Not fight? my honour is concern'd.

Cla. And my honour is concern'd 'twill looke like
Fighting for me, I hope *Melintus* will not
Set that at stake against opinion, especially
When his courage is so farre from being a question
It is become a Proverbe, besides tho yee conquer
Yee are lost, you see his interest in my father
Makes him not looke with justice on your merits,
And to kill his creature may threaten your owne ruine
But these arguments have their period in feares still,
And therefore Ile not urge the reasons they bring
As of force against the danger that honour threatens.

Mel. And those that come not so attended are com-
mands

To *Melintus* who covets onely to keepe his beauties
That you may not be put to make excuses for your love.

Cla. Then gently thus let me prevaile with you
To appoint a further day to determine this angry que-
stion,

Whilst I acquaint my father with his ambitious hopes
Which he not dreames are levell'd at me, and
Consequently the Crowne, Ile tell him of
His insolence here, and at that battaile, then urge
The late treason and bid him call to minde
The dangers that Traytors hopes threaten
Which sprung from this roote, I know 'twill startle
His soule, and if it faile, to ruine him,
Yet 'twill take the edge of the Kings faith off

From

Claracilla.

From what he sayes, and with Iealous eyes will
Looke upon his growing greatnesse, and when
He is thus shooke, thus parted from the Cedar
That shelters him, then let thy justice power
A storme upon his head, and now by the powre
Melintus hath given me, I command him deliver
His honour for a time into my protection;
This (if I have not appeared too carelesse
Of mine owne) you cannot deny me.

Mel. You have o'recome me, take my honour, which
I have preserv'd through thousand hazzards
I freely give it to you, and now rest
Secure, I am yours for ever, for my love
And honour being gone, what rests it fit for now,
I will not meete this angry man, his insolence
Shall have justice on her side, and I will give
Him cause to scorne me.

Cl. *Melintus* shootes his presents, and then they
wound,
Not oblige, courtesies done unwillingly
Is throwing the frozen into the fire, where
Too much heate kills the charitie, and proves
But altering, not rescuing the danger.

Mel. Pardon deere if you finde me unvers'd
In the way that leades to dishonour, for tho
I submit to your reason, yet *Selucus*
Nor the world to whom he will barely tell
The thought will not know what argument
With-held me.

Cl. Pray obey me without dispute
And I hope this clowd is all that is left
Of many that lowr'd upon our joyes, and we
Shall see a cleare evening yet to crowne our wishes fare
well

Exit.

Enter Selucus.

Sel. Hence love, and thy pale dew be gone,

E

Revenge

Claracilla.

Revenge and her beaution purple, 'tis to thee I bow
Love cannot now reach my ends, tho at first
I stilk'd with it, 'twas indeede a proper nurse
And rock'd the cradle, whil'st my designs were young,
But now they walke alone, waited on by resolutions
And confident of their strength: I neede not thy sucke
Nor milky miracles to confirme my faith
Nor ought they meant tho ill be layd to me
For to dare, speakes the great soule, not the successe,
For Prophets well seene in things to come
Have bin themselves overtaken with an unknown doom
But stay, the businesse now in hand requires
My being present here ——— are something slow

Enter Melibaeus.

In justifying, tho quicke in doing injuries,
Sure you beleeve me, the dog you cal'd me;
You would not have made me waite thus else.

Mel. 'Tis true, injuries are things I am slow
To justifie as com nit, they are commonly
The children of choller, and such bastard issue
Shames the parents, and if through weaknesse
At any time I get them, I hide them
If I can with satisfaction.

Sel. Words are too neere a kin to heale words, your
sword.

Hath a more certaine cure; and I repaire to that,
Draw; doe yee not understand the word? draw.

Mel. First heare me, that I came uninvited
And now am going without taking leave,
Shewes 'twas choise put me upon these hazards
Not necessitie, and that I dare fight
I have it written in my face, here under
My enemies hand to witness, and such torne ensignes
Till the bearer fled no dangers let that satisfie
'Tis not feare bindes my hands, & yet I will not fight.

Sel. 'Twas the cause I see gave you fire, and I

An

Claracilla.

Am asham'd to call that man enemy, which I must
Twice bid draw his sword, which doe, or Ile kill thee.

Mel. I will not fight.

Sel. You will not fight, by my life Ile kill thee then.

Mel. When I will not fight any one may doe it,
But when I will you cannot, and once agen
I tell thee I will not fight, nor dar'st thou kill me.

Sel. Not dare ! Why what hast thou about thee that
Can protect thee from the justice that this brings.

Mel. Thou hast about thee that protects me, and tho
I hate thee, yet I can be just.

Sel. Doe me justice and not speake it, and if that she
Be in thy power, draw her sword, 'tis her proper
Embleme, or by my anger thou art lost, nor shall
This neare kinde of Coward save thee, turne and doe
not

Tempt me, turne I say, or by him that rules
The day Ile kill thy fame too, with a cowards wound
in thy backe.

Mel. Thou dar'st not doe it, I know thou wilt not
Take so little for thy honour, it cost thee too deare
To be sold so cheape, to take a naked life
Thats undefended fort, thou seest I am
Resolv'd not to fight to day, so bound by resolution
That coward could not loose it, therefore in vaine
Thou temptst me.

Sel. Why the devill did you take this resolution
Against me that long to fight with thee.

Mel. 'Tis but for a time.

Sel. Will you then hereafter.

Mel. Yes by all my hopes, and nothing but t'is
Resolution then in thee shall protect one of us.

Sel. Till this fit be over then, Ile leave you. *Exit.*

Mel. 'Tis strange having both one busiuffe, our way
Should lye so severall, *Claracilla* thy commands
Can put me into any forme that can bow me thus. *Exit.*

Claracilla.

Enter Carillus.

Sel. Was the Prince in the garden when you left him

Car. Yes my Lord and he had newly parted
With the King, hee's this morning to make his visit
To the Princess, your Lordship is appointed by the
King

To accompany him.

Sel. You saw not *Olinda* since.

Car. No my Lord.

Sel. Goe finde her, and tell her of this visit,
Bid her singe her selfe from the company
Tell her I must speake with her this morning,

Exit Carillus.

Claracilla will thinke me very bold

To dare thus soone to presse into her presence,
But no matter, her thoughts have now no power

To punish me that have set my selfe free :

Nor will I agen stand in awe of ought

But what power that does create the cause

As well as beget the feare, that power that made

Fate faile, and yet his servant; there I will

Pay all I have for feare, here to tremble

Is to feare the Idoll I my selfe have made.

Exit.

Enter Claracilla, and Olinda.

Ol. Madam the Prince without attended with
Selucus desires to kisse your hand.

Cla. Waite him in, this Prince is in report a man
Of noble soule, I guesse his businesse, and
Must with paine impose, that which will sound
What depth of honour is in him--- he comes.

Enter Appius and Selucus.

Ap. Now this storme is blowne over, which thus
long

In clouds has hid your vertues, and you

Begin to breake like your selfe to us *Appius* is come

The unconfident in the successfull labouring

With

Claracilla.

With ambitious hopes to begge you will give
The services of his life, leave to waite
Vpon your happy dayes.

Cle. Noble Prince,

Be pleas'd to lend me so much favour as
To heare a suite that I must blushing make
E're you proceede, and to your owne eare onely,
And if you please retire with me I shall
Acquaint you with it.

Ap. Command me Madam.

Exit.

Sel. *Olinda* a word with you.

Ol. This way then,

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Claracilla and Appius.

Cla. Sir 'twas his counsell thus by a trust to oblige
you

To be our friend rather then by injuries
Which has beene the common way to decline your pre-
tentions.

Ap. 'Twas charitably done not to let my hopes
Lead me too much astray, and since 'tis to
So gallant a rivall as *Melintus* I
Shall without envy, tho not paine lay downe my hopes.

Enter Olinda overhearing this discourse.

Cla. Hee's now in Court but yet unknowne
'Tis the stranger that yester day made such way
To my rescue, at first I fled him that with
Such love pursued, for his disguise kept me
Ignorant who it was, within I shall acquaint you
With our designe and beg your counsell, and some time
This night I would speake with him in the garden.

Ap. I shall not faile to serve you,

Exit.

Claracilla.

Ol. This stranger, is he the man, and must you meet
him

In the Garden this night, this shall to *Selucus*,
I am sure of my pay, for I have my reward already. *Exit.*

Enter Selucus.

Sel. I see 'tis neither so easie nor safe to be a villaine
As I thought, 'tis true, wicked any foole may be
But to be a villaine and master in that art,
Oh the baseness that we stoppe to, the hated meanes,
The loath'd subjects, that with *Chimists* patience
We must extract our ends through, and when
The worke's done, we have but whet the sword
Of justice, and with our owne hands puld downe
Vnpittied doomes, the thought strike amazement
Into my soule, which hath not yet consented
To my ills, what shall not I fall to, that
Could consent for the knowledge of a secret
To make my selfe the steps by which a whore
Climb'd to her ambitious lust, the baseness
Of the *A&* hath wak'd my sleeping honour, and
He be honest, e're He agen pay such a rate
For sinne, no love 'tis thy crueltie has
Begot this distraction.

Enter Olinda.

Ol. Ha! upon the ground, up my *Selucus*,
I am yet breathlesse, my love in her descent
Hath made such haste that it begot a fire
In the swift motion that had like to have
Burnt our *Cupids* wings.

Sel. What ayles thee?
Is it impudence or distraction
Begets this boldnesse, what is that thou thus
Labourst with, has it a name?

Ol. It had a name, and 'twas cal'd a secret whilst
But by two knowae, and *Claracilla* secret
But it shall become a generall knowledge
I over-heard it when she gave it to the Prince,

And

Claracilla.

And by this name, the onely secret of my heart;
Shee's in love, and by honour engag'd, does that move
you?

When you know to whom, your love will sacrifice her
To your anger, 'tis the stranger, and but that
Her bashfull selfe could not name him aloud
I now might have told you who was, for
She nam'd him, and this night he is to meete
Her in the garden, the Prince is there too
And none but I faithfull to *Selucus*,
Now doe I rave or no.

Sel. No my *Olinda*, 'tis I that rave and beg
Of one that lives upon anothers almes.

Ol. Thus would I sacrifice the gods, should they
Scorne what I love.

Sel. Thou art my goddesse,

Ol. Will *Selucus* then be just and reward that faith
Which thus has flowne o're these poysonous plants,
And from them with danger suck'd this hony secret,
Would he I say be just and give me leave
To unlade this precious dew in his gentle bosome
And there finde my hive when I retorne
From travelling in his service.

Sel. Thou shalt have any thing, but be gone now,
'T will breede suspicion to be seene with me.
Art certaine they are to meete to night?

Ol. Be gone *Selucus* there was more discretion
Then love in that injunction urge me not
To jealousie, for I that could betray a Mistris
And a friend for love of thee so if injur'd
I would have thee know for my revenge my love
Shall goe, but I hope better and obay it.

Exit.

Sel. This the King shall know, yeeld at first blow,
'Tis worshipping a stranger God, and a sinne
In honour tho he were so, ---- but stay who

Claraclia.

Enter Appius and Melintus.

Are these, the Prince and the stranger, he is
Of their party, as I could wish; I hope
I will ruine him too.

Mel. Be pleas'd to urge it
As a things you are displeas'd with, and that
The Princeesse made it her complaint, and desir'd you
You would acquaint his Majestie with it, and Sir
When you have compleated this worke, which thus
nobly

You have begun and finish'd your creation,
Command us and our happinesse, as the creature
That owes his being to your favour.

Ap. Noble *Melintus* when I have serv'd you 'twill
But pay the expectation your civill faith
Gave me credit for.

Mel. Locke *Selucus*, Sir
His cares I hope have not met our words, your
Pardon Sir, Ile step off ere I am discover'd,
After I have this night waited on the Princeesse
In the garden, I shall in your chamber acquaint you
With all our proceedings, and there hope to heare
How the King entertaines the complaint against
This great man, 'tis the first step to a favorites fall
When the Prince will heare complaints, I kisse your
hand. *Exit.*

Sel. This Letter will make me not to have scene them
Dissimulation doe thou assist me, and I'll breake
As it were from a cloud of thoughts and chance
That threw me into this way, my Lord the Prince
Whether so fast with your spoyle, me thinkes I see
Conquest in your eyes: how did the Princeesse
Entertaine your noble offer, doe you not finde
The path that leades to her heart untrod by
Lovers feet, were not her guard of blushes
Cald to defend her against your assault

Loves

Claracilla.

Loves treaties my Lord are strangers to her
Maiden yeares.

Ap. Against impious men this Sanctuary is no guard
Else the reserv'd modesty with the priviledge
Of birth and beautie that waite upon the Princesse
Might have defended her against your sawcy flames
Which too late have aym'd at the top of thy Masters
house,

But that injury was not so great as this
That thou durst thinke thy poyson would not breake
Her Christall, but with this injurious hope beleeve
She should conctale thy insolence, which Ile spread.

Exit.

Sel. Ha ! is it come to this ?

Either prevent this danger or thou art lost *Selucus*.
The Prince is flying with my ruine to the King,
Thankes yet to his Choler that thus has arm'd me,
Passion is no deadly weapon, we beare
His noyse before he does execution, and then we arme;
Now my braine be ready with excuses
Thy womans weapons to defend me.

Exit.

Enter King, Appius and Attendants.

King. Is it possible ?

Ap. Sir if it please you but
To goe to your daughters chamber you shall yet
Finde the storme not laid which her anger rais'd
To thinke such a scorne should be design'd for her.

King. Some one goe finde *Selucus*, and command him
Hither immediatly, wee'le take him with us,
And by all our gods the poysonous ingratitude
Shall burst him.

Selucus within.

Sel. I cannot stay for I have
Earnest businesse with the King, are yee sure
He is not in the lodgings, in your returne
You shall finde me in the garden, if I meete him there.

E. 5.

Enter

Claracilla.

Enter Selucus.

Hold *Carillus* the Kings here.

King. Selucus.

Sel. Sir, I have beene this morning in search of you
I have a businesse for your owne care only,
Let your Guard attend Sir.

King. Yes it shall stay : noble *Appius* your pardon,
He meete you at my daughters. *Exit Appi.*

Sel. Tis morning I have discover'd.

King. So have I, that which thou shalt rue fond
wretch.

Sel. Sir.

King. Impudence;
With what brow darst thou thus meete my fury?
Think'st thou to scape? art thou againe rayling
New treason? ere the fire has consum'd the sacrifice
For our delivery; and to put my preservation
Into the power of a miracle onely to releve me:
No thou shalt finde thy ingratitude hath destroyd
My mercy, and begot an anger that
Shall consume thee, seize him.

The Guard seizes on Selucus.

Sel. That you have the power of the gods I am sub-
ject
To your thunder is confest, but my innocence protect
me

As I yet know not the cause why it singles me out,
'Tis true I came to see you drest like *love*,
For now 'tis just you wear your lightning, but not for
me,

Who have with longing sought you to deliver
The greatest service that ever yet my faith
Pleaded reward for, but why yee thus meet me
In displeasure heaven strike me if I can guesse
Nor doe I beleeve I am guiltie, for you proceede
Not with me as if I were a delinquent.

The

Claracilla.

The worst of which are heard e're condemn'd, but
I see you repent your favours, and desire my fall,
Which is the time I ought not to out-live
And therefore by this wound Ile pleade my faith
And readinesse to serve. *He offers to stab himselfe.*

King. Disarme him.

Sel. They cannot, but when I am gone you'l'e heare
A mischief my life might have prevented.

King. Hold or I shall conclude thy feare of deserv'd
Tortour makes thee thus by a sudden stroke
Exempt thy selfe.

Sel. Feare, no I feare but one more then a King
Trembles at, that's the gods, and him, so let
You see I apprehend, not tortour, thus
I throw a way all dangers that my owne
A & threatens, and if you be just you will
Let me know the cause of your anger e're it strikes.

King. Were not you this morning with my daughter
And there made the traytrous offer of your love.

Sel. Yes.

King. Yes! darst thou avow it, and know'st how
lately

That danger threaten'd our ruine.

Sel. Will you be pleas'd to heare me, if I be guiltie
Punish me, if not give me leave to tell you
A King can onely cure such a wound as this
Your suspicion hath given my diligent faith
Which has ever beene watchfull in your service.

King. Speake, let him loose.

Sel. Know Sir tho I am amaz'd to finde this new
Before me I came now from the Princesse chamb'r
Drawne thither by an occasion, which if you please
To lend an eare to I am confident
You will say I had reason for what I did.

King. Can you prove this.

Sel. Can I prove it, yes Sir I can prove it;

Exit

Claracilla.

But Iealousie is a weede, whose root lies so many wayes
That if once it take growth it is hardly digged out,
And this sad truth of once suspected, and never confi-
dent

Is false upon me, else what I shall say
Would finde a faith with you, but I desire not
To have my word now cleare me, take but my counsell
And I shall give you your owne satisfaction:
Seeme still to frowne on me, and require
Not the Prince be company this night in the Court,
The rest Sir in your care---will this confirme

They whisper.

I am loyall and by severall wayes
Hunt your safetie.

King. Come *Selucus* this trouble shewes thy loyalty,
Th'art my friend and shalt ever have an interest here.

Exit.

Sel. Yes I will have an interest in the Crowne
What ever I have in thee, and now thou beleevest
Th'art safe, thy dangers but begin.

Exit.

Enter Tullius, Philemon asleepe on the Stage

Tull. 'Tis a brave cleare night, and something may
Be attempted from the Townte, we must keepe
A strong watch to night.---how now--whom have we
here.

He stumbles at Philemon and kicke him.

Arouze, up I say.

Phi. Whoe's there? lye downe, yee gods one would
thinke

This bed were large enough, if the earth be not
Where shall the wretched lye, that thus yee kicke me
Out for want of roome.

Tul. Vp I say and leaye your snarling yee dogge,
Sleeping in your watch.

Phi. If I be a dogge why should I be punish'd
For obeying nature, the onely dietie that beasts bow to
If not, why am I reft the benefit of reason.

Tul.

Claracilla.

Tul. Are you grumbling, looke to your duty you'll
finde

You have use for other thoughts,

Exit.

Phi. Oh heavens, why doe you thus load a youth
I was not proud when I was bow'd to, nor
Ever with repinings did I bow to you,
Why then on my free borne soule doe you lay
The load of slavery, and thus let your justice
Sleepe that she does not now guide my prayers
But suffers them to lose their way 'twixt heaven
And my sufferings, which I have beene so long acquaint-
ed with

That I am now growne a kinne unto my woes
Allyd unto my oare, where I have set
Forc'd to unwilling hast, fighting for my freedome
Till through a thousand eyes I have sweating wept
My miseries, Oh looke downe in time upon them
E're I yeeld to those irreligious thoughts
That tempt me to question my beleefe;
For yee cannot blame me if I grow weary
Of praying when I finde that mighty power
That threw me here: want mercy to breake the snare.

Enter Manlius and Tullius.

Man. Strike an Anchor through the body of this
slave,

A' has not hurt you I hope.

Tul. No has mist me.

Man. What urg'd the villaine to this bold under-
taking

Tul. The opportunite that might be offered
And the nearenesse of the towne made him attempt it
For his freedome, I know not else.

Man. Locke that to morrow early as the day
The dog be sacrific'd to the parting shades that their
blacke power
May still be friendly to our deliverance

And

Claracilla.

And dee heare let him be broke upon an Anchor,
That on hopes emblem the wretch may meete
His despairing crosse, when dogs thus flie upon
Their masters, 'tis just we strangle them, neither
Their kinde nor use consider'd, goe *Tullus*.
Let the watch be set, and some good guard
Put into the wood to secure the passage
From the towne. *Tull.* It shall.

Man. *Tullius* did the Peasant say the King
Was crown'd agen, and the usurper dead
And the Princeesse to be married to a stranger
That came in aide of the King.

Tul. So the fellow sayes for certaine.

Man. To morrow then wee'le fit us with our disguise
And to court wee'le goe, for now vertue fits
At Helme, and holds the purse, gratitude will
Finde some reward for me that wish'd well to her.
Power, for this night see the Gally at Roads,
And when the watch is set, to rest, and to morrow
Call at my Cabbin.

Tul. I shall.

Exit.

Man. Lie you there, and let no body without excep-
tion

Trouble me till I call, 'unlesse some danger
Threaten, then give me notice.

Exit.

Phi. Me thinkes in this youth I reade mine owne
fortune

Whose Crosse fate hath forfeited him to eternall bonds
For stoutly attempting his freedome, which if ever
It comes within my power, here stands another
Mark'd for sacrifice, if a' faile, for death
Frights not me, nor binds the innocent
But comes to set them free, I cannot let it
Sinke with patience to my thoughts, I have not
Man enough nor Religion to continue
An acquaintance with that vertue that sayes endures.
When

Claracilla.

When I consider I was borne a Prince
By the consent of all distinguish from
A Chaos of common people, created their head
And so stood the man of men till this misfortune
Strucke me in, which I am not sure I shall
Have a burying place, for a slave can call
So little in this world his owne, that the very earth
He weares about him, is not his, nor can
I command this handfull, not this--- not mine owne
Clay

But lost like yesterday, when my Masters fit comes
I fall and all resolve to the dust masse of things. *Exit*

Enter Melintus, Claracilla, Olinda, and Timillus.

Cl. So now leave us, and if any body aske for me
Say I am layd to rest.

Ol. I shall, and where you rest too. *Exit*

Mel. Deere *Timillus* is *lacom* ready with our horses

Tim. He is, he waites at the Posterno.

Mel. Let us not lose a minute of this pretious time
then

'Twill be a reward for thy faith too, when they shall say

Timillus had a hand in this great worke,

Prethee let thy friendship secure the passage

That leades from the Kings lodgings.

Tim. So now have I an honorable excuse to take cold
with, 'tis a strange bold venture he makes, and a confi-
dent vertue that of hers, that dares trust themselves in
the hands of my opinion, when I am alone, to guesse
how they meane to employ this opportunite,

Mel. Gentle soule, 'tis not the feare of my particular
That makes me urge this sad parting, but your interest.

Which is joyn'd to it, and when you are concern'd

'Tis a civillie to feare, and an obligation to doubt.

My joyes, for *Claracilla* knowes despaire

Is no sinne, in loves religion.

Cl. Let me not understand thee, nor let not reason

Binde

Claracilla.

Binde up what you urge ; Oh *Melintus*
'Tis the first time that ever I was griev'd
To heare thee in the right, and you must pardon it,
For thoparting be the onely way to
Confirm my joy, I cannot consent at such a rate
To buy my happinesse.

Mel. Thus you encrease the wish'd number of my
bonds

The Prince untill my returne will observe all
Your commands, and assist us in our escape
And by his favour countenance the act
For *Mecena*, if my father commanded therein chiefe
I could not hope a greater power then I
Am confident *Pelius* will allow your worth
And e're this Moone hath felt her change, I will
Agen attend you with the Gallies.

Gla. Must you then be gone, and agen with absence
Spinne our loves into a thread which is fastned to our
fates,

I hope that no distance may finde the end,
Say must you goe, must it needes be so.

Mel. I would there were not such a strict necessitie
But that I might say no.

Gla. Well since it must be resolv'd, but not contented
I submit unto my fate, and thou Lawrell tree,
Which so oft hast beene a witnesse of our sad parting
If within thy barked the angry god hath
With the trembling virgin any of his passion hid
Thou know'st what paine they feelee, that with longing
love

Follow their flying joyes, and see, looke *Melintus*
Casting my eye by chance I have spyed one of
The witnesse of our infant love, doe you remember
When we changed our Characters, and with them prin-
ted

Our faith on the yeelding barke, 'twas then but a small
scratch . We

Claracilla.

We gave, but now like our miseries by time encreas'd
'Tis in her tender side to a large wound growne.

Mel. Why should we not for ever grow thus, why
should the gods

With thunder part what themselves have joyn'd,
We that have knowne but one wish, and to each others
thoughts

Have parents beene, why should we not thus gazing sit
And tie with kinde smiles soft fetters for the eye?

But this cannot be, and therefore heare me pronounce

My owne doome, farewell, but ere I obey

This sad necessitie, let me on your faire hand

Print my faith, and with holy vowes binde my selfe to
thee.

cla Oh hold, give me no contract gentle *Mel.* no
Ties but love, these are bonds I scorne to throw
On such who from mine eyes can goe.

Enter King, Selacus, Carillus and Attendants.

Sel. Have I perform'd or no?

King. Yes, *Claracilla* this Act when the story shall be
written

Will not appeare so kind unto the rest
That have had honour and duty still their guide
And not thus led astray by passion.

cla. Sir I must not be beate from my strength here
Tho you frowne, a fault I confesse but dishonour
Has no share in't.

King. Sir you came a friend and you are a stranger
Nor will I whilst I labour to punish commit a fault
By being ungratefull, or breake the lawes of
Hospitalitie by laying hands upon you,
Onely thus much the injuries you have done me
And the Prince bids me tell you, if to morrowes sunne
Set upon you within my court, his shades
Will bring thine upon thee. *Exit King, cla. Atten.*

Sel. Revenge thar't prosperous, and in my anger

Th

Claracilla.

This is lost, craft, be thou as friendly to
My designs upon that shallow Prince, and I
Alone stand faire for *Claracilla*, Ile watch
How it workes, oh how hee'l'e tume anon.

Mel. The wound that amazement gives strikes all
our senses,

And like lightning destroyes without a breach:
But yet I see some foode for my revenge,
And whilst that fuell lasts, this flame shall not
Perish *Selucus* come backe, and let your friend stay.

Sel. *Carillus* stay, your fit is off then I perceive
And you can be angry upon your owne score
And fight when women are not by.

Mel. Yes thou shalt finde I can fond man, and the
Flame that thou hast kindled in my brest I
Will husband so that it shall consume thee,
And neither hold it so high to loose it
In my choller nor so low as to let patience
Tread it out.

Sel. Spare your threats, your words wound not, when
I refuse

To fight upon a strange resolution
Then rand or rayle, and Ile excuse it.

Mel. No I am no rayler, I could wish thee rather
A more glorious enemy one whose name scandall
Of no kinde had ever lighted, by my life
I wish it, and that thou wert cleare from this
Base act, whose weight has sunke all the honour
That swam in thy blood, and I am asham'd
To thinke this necessitie freeth me
To offer one so lame in honour, and in passion
Blinde to the power I worship, for the imperfect
Are not fit for sacrifice.

Sel. I hope you have none of these faults, but will
become

An Altar, leade the way, and you shall finde

Selucus

Claracilla.

Selucus dares follow without being pul'd to slaughter

Mel. Under the woods side that borders on the haven
Will be a fit place, 'tis neare the towne, and
I beleeve in the night free from company.

Sel. There Ile meete you then.

Tim. Is't, is't, to him, so now they come within my
way to put in, I am no good talker, but when opinions
are to be maintain'd thus I thinke I have as strong an
argument as another. *Exit*

Enter Claracilla and Olinda.

Cla. Haste to Prince *Appius*, desire him he would
Immediately come and speake with me. *Exit Olinda.*
Oh me most miserable, this night has ruin'd me,
My fame was like a starre, bright and fixt in
The Court till this sad hower, which hath prov'd my
Ioyes a meteor, but if my *Melintus* fall
My night at court is come, in the vast element
Ile shoote and be no more remembred. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Timillus, Selucus and Carillus severally.

Tim. See here comes two of the long staffe men that
strucke so desperately under the hedge to night, I hope
to apprehend one of 'em by vertue of this warrant.

Mel. Bold and injurious *Selucus* still.

Sel. Let your anger passe, and heare me what I say
For this is the last talke Ile have with thee
What e're thou art, since first thou cross'd these eyes,
A jealous envie hath waited upon thee, and
I have gain'd my ends, 'twas to see whether conquest
Grew upon thy sword or no, when this not us'd
To lose, should goe forth thy enemy, and rivall,
And therefore guard thee, and with thy sword
Onely make reply.

'Tis my wish, for words are not the weapons I fight
with. *They fight.*

Tim. Doe you heare *Carillus*, may not you and I fall to
this feast

Before

CLATACINA.

Before your Lord has dyn'd.

Car. Yes and be mine owne carver too.

Tim. That I beleeeve, for I ever tooke thee for a saw-
cy serving man.

*They fight, Selucus woun-
ded by Melintus.*

Sel. I am lost.

Mel. Does your loade sinke you? thy faults will grow
To heavy anon.

Sel. I know no fault, but that I am unfortunate.

Car. Lie there talker.

Timillus falls.

Tim. A pox upon thee thast dont.

Mel. Yeeld or by my hopes.

In thy heart Ile write my conquest.

Selucus falls.

Sel. Strike dogge, Ile be dam'd

E're Ile have so bale a sinne to answer for

*They struggle and Carillus parts 'em
just as Melintus disarms Selucus.*

Car. Hold or I'll write the same story here.

Mel. Ha ! *Timillus* false ! tho it speakes thy praise,
My friend calls for revenge, and thus I bring it.

They fight.

Car. I feare no single arme.

Sel. Be prosperous *Carillus* and I will call

Thee friend, the savor of my fame --- 'twill not be

Carillus wounded by Melintus.

That wound hath sent me frowning to my home.

Selucus swoonds.

Tim. A pox of fortune, have I scap'd them so often to
be serv'd in thus like broken cold meate for the serving
men, I finde I cannot live, I begin to have serious

He strives to rise but cannot;

thoughts, no faith I am gone, I alwayes fear'd such sober
wounds as these, they are in such earnest I know they'll

Carillus falls.

kill me, if they would endure jests, there were some
hopes.

Car. Hold if thou hast honour, and tell me who thou
art

That

Claracilla.

That strik'st with such a constant fortune.

He runnes to Timillus.

Mel. I have no leasure now, Oh *Timillus*
Speake to thy unfortunate friend, whose acquaintance
Hath never brought thy faith to any thing
But misery and dangers, how dost? I hope,
Thy wounds are not mortall.

Tim. No nor our troubles would they were that we
might once see an end of them--- *Within follow,*
But no more of this now, I heare a noyse, and I know
we shall be pursu'd, therefore make haste and flie.

Mel. For shame urge like thy selfe, if thou would'st
have me
Take thy counsell, bring my friend into a danger
And leave him there; no *Timillus* we
Grew friends, and we will fall together.

Tim. Leave me and provide for thy safetic, or by my
life
Ile betray thee and tell who thou art, nor
Will I if thou stay'st attempt the possibilitie
Of my owne cures, death because I could not
Kill my enemy must I destroy my friend?

Mil. Why thus passionate?

Tim. If *Melintus* lov'd me he would obey
The passion of his friend, and not chide. *Within follow.*
Harke you will be taken, step into the wood
And in some disguise you may come to court

Mel. Farewell *Timillus* I obey.

Exit.

Enter King, Appius and Attendants.

1. At. This way they went Sir, and here lies one.

King. *Selucus* flaine.

Ap. And here lies *Carillus*.

King. Who's the third.

Tim. A bird of the same flight that had worse lucke
then my fellowes, for my wings onely broke that I
might live miserable to make sport for the fooles that
laid

Claracilla.

laid the snare, shall I never be so happy to be knock'd
in the head when 'tis to me a courtesie.

King. The bodies are yet warme, bring them
With all possible speede to the towne, that no care
May be wanting to save my friend, bring him
Along too, he shall finde our love till he
Be well, I will not offer a ruine to my friend
When he is repair'd he will scarce be a full
Satisfaction, some other pursue the bould
Murderer: if he once come within my reach
He shall finde his Sword has no power to protect him
Against that which my justice weares.

They take up Timillus.

Tim. Thus much honour I am sure of, but how much
more
I know not, doe you my friend.

2. At. No Sir, and yet I think you 'le finde what you
deserve.

Tim. Y'are courteous and liberall of your opinion
and therefore I will not be sparing of mine, it may be I
shall be honorably hang'd for having a hand in killing
Selucus.

2. At. It may be so.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

A noise within.

Enter Philemon, and presently after him Tullius.

Phi. What noyse is this that thus circles us,

Tul. This noyse is every where and be-
girts us round,

He goe wake *Manlius* 'twill be worth our care
To search the cause.

Phi. Stand, who goes there?

Tul.

Claracilla.

Tul. I *Tullius*, have you wak'd the Captaine?

Phi. No.

Tul. 'Tis time he were.

He offers to goe, Phil.

Phi. Hold.

holds him.

Tul. How now!

Phi. 'Twas his command that no man without exception

Should come to him till he had notice, nor
Be cald unlesse some danger threatend.

Tul. Did you not heare the noyse?

Phi. Yes, but noyse is none, nor will I call him.

Tul. You will not call him, who am I, that thou
Darst tempt me thus, call him, and call him quickly,
Or thou shalt call thy last.

Phi. I serve but one master, and him I will not call,
Nor shall you breake his rest whilst I can hinder it.

Tul. Doe not play with my anger, by all our gods
With a wound Ile make my way, and it shall lye
Over thy belly slave if thou provok'st me.

Phi. Wounds are easily given to naked men
And thou wilt sooner bring them, then I feare them.

Tullius drawes his Sword.

Tul. Death brav'd by my slave, thus villaine, and then
Ile tread under my feet, thy scorn'd earth.

Phi. Helpe *Manius* helpe.

Tul. Vnloose thy hold, or by my vext soule I'll print
Tullius on the ground, Philemon on him.
Deaths cold seale on thy heart.

Phi. I will not loose, Oh my vow to what strict
lawes,

Thou bind'st me, else here I would throw my bonds
And with thy owne knife cut thy hated throate;
Dog thou art more a slave then my chaines can make
me.

Enter Manlius.

Man. What suddaine cry was that that cald for helpe
Ha! the *Rhodian* grabled, how's this and *Tullius* under
Let

Claracilla.

Let goe, or Ile part thee with death, is this a posture
For a slave ?

Phi. No, If I would have beene a slave
I had beene safe, and you it may be might
Have felt these hurts.

Man. Tullius what meane these wounds.

Phi. Wounds are the food of slaves, else I deserve
not these

For my faith, but loyalty I see is against kinde in me
And therefore I am punish'd for obeying your com-
mand

Which was that no man without exception should
Passe this way till I had given notice
Which he would have done, and because I refus'd
Thus my faith's rewarded.

Man. Is this true?

Tul. In part 'tis, the wood this night was full of noyse
And I wak'd with alarum would have given
You notice, and he refus'd to let me passe
And therefore —

Man. You would have kil'd him, 'twas not
Well, such a pietie as faithfulness amongst slaves
Is so rare, it ought have beene cherish'd, not punish'd;
Every day by one act or other this fellow
Begets my wonder, honour and courage still striving
In him, come hither once againe
I command thee tell me who thou art, and
By my life Ile set thee free.

Phi. I see you have honour, and therefore presume
When you shall know I am bound by vow, never
To disclose my selfe whilst I am in bonds, you'll call it
Religion not disobedience, when I refuse to tell.

Man. Wilt thou be faithfull ywhen thou art free.

Phi. I will be faithfull tho not free.

Man. Vow, that and I will immediatly knocke off thy
Chaines.

Phi.

Claracilla.

Phi. Arme but my hand, and set me free, and then
Ile take a vow, and having sworne faith, all
The earth shall not make me false.

*He calls in one that takes off his Chaines,
he gives him a Dagger.*

Man. Here by this I manumize thee, and if thou prov'st
A gentleman, from henceforth thou art my freind,
How ever free.

Phi. And sir, your pittie hath thus made my joyes
Put off my feares, that I should forgotten fall
And returne to my mother earth, like her Common
Issue. Thus in returne with eyes to heaven
Bent, and a soule full of gratitude, I vow a
Constant faith to vertue and ———

*Enter Melintus pursuing a Souldier, who cries
helpe Arme, and kills him as he enters.*

Mel. To what strange fate am I reserv'd, or by
What sinne have I put downe this curse of a
Generall hate, that all pathes I treade are arm'd
Against me ! ha ! more enemies ? Nay then *Melintus*
Yeeld, for tis visible thou warr'st with heaven.

Man. What art thou, that with such paines
Hast to this place hunted thy ruine, and thus with
Injurious wounds in the dead of night,
Awak'd our anger.

Mel. Prethee goe forward with thy injurie
Such another charme will call backe my anger
And then I shall be safe, for it hath ever
Yet beene prosperous, tho that successe
Made me unfortunate.

Man. Leave thus vaine gloriously to urge your
Former successe, for twill be no ground now
To build a future conquest on, and therefore
Yeeld thy sword, and quickly, before I command it
And thy head, know my power here rules thy fate.

Mel. Yeeld my sword ? by what other priviledge

Claracilla.

Doe I hold my life among my enemies?
Præthee looke upon me, and if thou canst
Reade these Characters theyle tell thee, I was
Not borne to yeeld, tho thou art the glorious Master
Of the sport, and I unfortunate by a crosse fate
Am hunted into the royle, where dangers on
All sides begirt my innocence, yet with the Lyon
I dare be angry with my bonds, and altho I may
Become thy prey, yet I will not be thy scorne.

Man. Ile dispute no longer, seize him, if he resist
In his heart seale the stroke of thy freedome.

Philemon goes towards him, and knowes him:

Phil. Ha Meliptus!

Mel. He nam'd me, what art thou that call'st my name;
Ye gods, is misery so nere a kin that by instinct
The wretched know me.

Man. How now? what doe you muse on? had you
Daring onely while you were unarm'd.

Phi. No twas a consideration of the basenes of the act
And not feare, made me stop, and the remembrance
That I am free held me from stayning the
Mayden livery that the gods have sent me,
With so base an act, as to strike where ther's
Three to one, besides his posture and his habit
Speakes him a Gentleman, and his misfortunes
Rather to be pittied than increast.

Mel. A helpe from heaven if this be Reall.

Man. Slave, and ungratefull, thou shalt finde thou hast
Too soone mention'd thy freedome, foole, onely free
In hope, and this act hath but increast thy load
Of chaines, curse thy selfe, for thy increase
Of miseries shall make thee finde th'art more
A slave than ever.

Phi. Doe not deceive thy selfe, looke there, and here,
He points to his chaines and shewes his dagger.
And ere thou art rold in thy anger, here this truth

Claracilla.

I speake, he that is master of this and will
Become a slave, must be a coward too.
And now I am arm'd I scorn to owe my freedom
To any but the gods. (refie)

Man. Death, dogge, dost thou brave me with my cur-
Draw *Tullius* my thirstie rage will be quench'd

They both draw and runne at Phi.
With nothing but the slaves blood.

Mel. Heaven for ought I know
We are by thy direction thus cast two to two,
If not I me sure by honour we are,

He runs in betweene them, and gives Phi. a sword.
Here take this sword.

Phi. Now *Tullius* thou shalt see how mortall thy
Power is, which so like a god thou wearst amongst thy
Slaves, revenge and freedom guides me to thy ruine,
And you sir, strike to prevent the losse of such
An oppertunitie, a vow forbids me
To tell you who I am: now the wound that thou
Basely gavest me, when I was bound and naked.

They fight, Tullius falls.

Tul. I have but few words

Man. I am your choyce then.

Mel. As it happens.

Tul. I am slaine, and by my slave bound for ever;

Phi. Lye there and curse.

Phi. leaves Tullius and runs to Mel and parts them

Man. Nay then ile smiling sal, now I have my revenge
For I see thou wert borne to be a slave, and all
Thy parts of honour, were but distempers in thee
And now thy nature is strong, thou appearest thy selfe,
A slave in thy soule, come what stayes thee, I have
A brest so cleere, it defies thy poniard, traitor.

Phi. No, I was borne free, and *Manlius* his rage
Once over, he will say he hath injur'd me,
And sir, as I drew my sword against my master

Claracilla.

When honour bad me, so when you shall seeke
To make me faulty I am your enemy,
And therefore attempt no farther this mans
Danger, it is not safe.

Man. My wonder waites upon all this fellowes acts.

Mel. What art thou that thus in lesse than a man
Hides more than a god.

Phil. What am I? a soule with her old cloathes on.
A slave with wounds and crosses stor'd, and yet in better
Fortunes I have knowne your face.

Mel. If thou hast mercy in thee, tel me whom thou art.

Phi. Marke me well, dost thou not see thy selfe here.
Not yet --- now I am sure thou dost in these
Chrystalldrops: friendship will guide *Melintus*
To know *Philemon*.

Mel. *Philemon*! O ye gods new waighes to sinke me.

Phil. Oh tis a powerfull rod that *Melintus*
Friendship strikes with, a thousand miseries
Have smote upon this rocke, but never any
That made water issue through till now.

Mel. Oh *Philemon*, *Philemon*, what cannot friendship do
Tis from her living springs this dew fall.

Man. *Melintus* and *Philemon*, good heaven what change
Hath begot this misery, oh noble Princees
Vpon my knee I beg when your sad joyes
Are over, youle shower a pardon upon
Vnfortunate *Manlius*.

Mel. *Manlius*? is this *Manlius*, he was *Claracillas* friend.

Phi. Tis *Manlius*, and I hope a faire day will
Breake from a bloody evening.

Mel. Your pardon sir, or here upon my brest
Returne the wounds my rage directed against yours.

Man. Repeate it not sir, you make me but call to
Minde my shame, which I must ever blushing weare
When I remember a slave could looke further
Into honour than I.

Phi.

Claracilla.

Phi. Oh *Melintus* I have a story for thee
That we shall weepe out together.

Mel. When I looke upon thee I am distracted
To thinke the gods would consent thus to let
Their Temples be ruin'd and vertue alwayes walke
Noked, like truthes Emblem, whilst better fates
Cloath the wicked.

Phi. Deere *Melintus* let not the sense of my
Misfortunes urge a consideration from thee
At the rate of sinne, and dare those powers
Which I know thou fearst.

Mel. I have done noble youth, yet when I looke
Vpon thee, joy and amazement will seize
Vpon me, I have strange things to tell thee:
But this nor time nor place, who is this
That thus unfortunately met thy anger.

Man. A stout and gratefull fellow, twas the Captaine
That sav'd me, when I was doom'd by *Silvander*

Mel. A stirres, heaven I hope
Will not let the guilt of one accidentall fault,
Hange upon this evening to crosse our joyes.

Phi. I am sorry since there dwelt such honour in him
That he prov'd my enemy; this was the Pirat
Tooke me at *Rhodes*.

Man. Pray helpe him aboard my gally, where we may
All repose, and till to morrow resolve
What is to be done, in the new change of *Sicilie*.

Phi. Lay thy Arme here *Melintus* for these bonds
Can onely set *Philemon* free. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Appius and Claracilla.

Cla. I Have done, passion can be a friend
No more she's so unconstant, give her way
And she destroyes her selfe, if I had beene

Claracilla.

So fortunate to have spoke with you last night
I had prevented this sad chance, for I knew
Melintus anger would take a dangerous leape
When by amtzement he had contracted it.

Ap. If I could have fear'd such danger, I should not
Have beene so absent with the remedie,
But I am not satisfied how it was discover'd
By the King, yet if Civility had not prevented me
Ere now I had spoke my feares and long since sayd
Beware of *Olinda*.

Cla. *Olinda* ! she betray me ?
It cannot be, tis such a Common fate
I blush to thinke it, I cannot feare a punishment
That comes such a road way; and yet Ile observe her
But pray what sayd *Timillus*? was *Melintus* wounded?

Ap. Not dangerous, some slight hurts he had
And upon our approach he tooke covert in the wood,
Timillus sayes he's resolv'd in some disguise to attempt
To speake with you, and my counsell is to send
Some one that's trusty in search of him. (garden

Cla. I shall, and then if you please weele walk into the

Ap. Ile waite you.

Exit.

Enter Melintus, Philemon, Manlius, Ravack.

All but Manlius in slaves habits.

Phi. I rejoyce that this day has prov'd so fortunate
As to bring your youth a freedome, with less
Sadnesse, than last nights storme threaten'd.

Ra. Sir my safety is a debt I owe your watchful mercy
That thus amongst the earliest of your joyes
Could let your noble pittie, hunt for so
Lost a thing as *Ravack*.

Mel. Now we are arriv'd we have no spare time
To cloath truth fine, therefore give my naked faith
A hearing, I am confident you will not refuse
To take our fortunes in this designe, whose innocencie,
Tho we're forc'd thus to hid with the markes of guilt
And

Claracilla.

And punishment, yet know there is so much justice
On our side, that tho we fall in the attempt
And this shall prove but running to embrace
The stake, yet we shall in our story be distinguish'd
And live in the glorious shine which breakes
From the brow of honour Martyrs.

Ra. I am but one, and Ile not say I shall be
Fortunate, but I am certaine I will attempt
Any thing that may speake my gratitude.

Man. Give me leave to breake this discourse, & since
You are pleas'd to trust me with this service, let me not
Lose time, but whilst this expectation's in the Court
Let me see whether I can walke unseene or no;
And since *Selucus* danger was onely losse of blood
They will be more intent about him than if
He had falne; Ile be gone, the day growes old
In the garden you say tis likely I shall finde her
The Prince is a young man.

Mel. Yes.

Man. I am instructed.

Exit.

Phi. Tis the minde I see that binds, or sets us free
For that being satisfied we have made our feares
Our sports, and thus maske in our miseries, but by my
Life the earnest they once were in makes me start
To see thee thus miserable in jest.

Mel. *Philemons* love is more fortunate than *Melintus*
For it findes kinde wayes to expresse it selfe
While I unfortunate onely wish and cry,
How faine I would rejoyce in the lasting knot which
We have triply ty'd by blood, by love,
By miseries allayd.

Exit.

Enter Manlius. Appius and Claracilla.

Man. This place returns my forgotten miseries
By calling to minde how happie once I was —
But who are these.

Ap. Whose that that walkes there.

Claracilla.

Cla. I know not, is he not of your acquaintance?

Ap. No Madam, walke on and minde him not.

Cla. Who would the man speke withall?

Ap. What would you friend, would you speake
With the Princeesse?

Man. Yes sir, Madam I am one that wants
But cannot beg, yet when I have put off
My blushes, be pleas'd to cast your eye upon
A souldiers scarres, and pittie a gentleman
Bow'd by misfortunes not fault to this wretched
Lowne, and if then your bounty finde not
A charity; your pardon, and I am gone.

Cla. A souldier is the god I worship, and to him
I offer this charity, here take all
That at this time I have about me, pray
Of what Country are you.

Man. The name of a souldier is such a common theame
To beg with, and a disguise that so many cheate under,
That I should not dare aske like my selfe but that
I can shew under the hands of those Commanders
Where I serv'd, what and who I am, and had
It beene my fortune to have met the brave
Princes *Melintus* and *Philemon* here,
The service I once did them, they would have
Seene me rewarded.

Cla. Prithee softly, dost
Thou know *Melintus*, and *Philemon*, say
And be not amaz'd; I aske thus hastily
Where didst thou know them, gentle souldier, speake.

Man. Yes Madam, I doe know em, and here under
Their hands I have to shew, the service I
Did them which if you please you may reade.

He delivers her Melintus letter.

Ap. Prithee hast of late heard of *Philemon*,
Or canst thou tell whether he be alive or no;
Or canst thou give any account of *Melintus* lately?

Cla.

Claracilla.

cla. Oh yes, yes, he can, reade there and satifie your selfe.

Oh noble *Manlius*, where is *Melintus*, where
Is the Gally, where is *Philemon*, why
Doe I stay, cannot you guide me, will not
Prince *Appius* goe, I am resolv'd I will,
And be miserable here no longer, where
Religion, friendship, duty, love, no
Harvest brings, all my endeavours here bootlesse
Be, like the impostors beads that fall without a prayer,
Say shall we goe, will you remove me from
This place so full of dangers to my friend?
Looke he writes to me to come, and shall I
Stay, no no *Melintus*, I obey, and were it
To shrink into the earth, Ile meete thee, and
No longer with my prayers protect this ingratefull
Place from the punishment her treacheries call downe;
Let fooles beadsmen to the Altar bow (like
For other sinnes Ile pay none but my owne vow. *Exit.*

Ap. Her joyes transport her,
And theres no striving against the streame,
For passion in women is by stroaking layd
And when we yeeld they are betray'd. *Enter.*

Enter Selucus, Surgeon, and attendants;

Sel. Is there no hope of *Carillus* life.

Sur. No my Lord.

Sel. Will *Timillus* scape,

Sur. Yes my Lord, his wounds were slight.

S. l. But he shall not, nor shall fortune have power
To adde another sickly weeke to his hated dayes:
Waite all without --- my hopes are blasted nor must
I expect ever to gaine my ends by faire
Meanes from *Claracilla*, I have wound
Vp her hatred to so great a height, and
Twere folly to hope a peace from a woman cross
In her love, no, no, policy, or force.

F. s.

Mus.

CLARACILLA.

Must gaine the pleasure I aime at -- whose there? knock

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the King.

Enter King.

Sel. Oh sir, hide me from my shame, or my blushes
Will not let me looke upon you, the disgrace
Brands me with coward for ever, that I should
Be overcome, when nothing but a Traytor
Strucke, a thing which ought to be the scorne, not fear'd.
Of honest men, when they are arm'd.

King. Quiet thy selfe, and be not troubled at such a
Scorn'd subject, I come to tell thee ere this shame be
Over, while I can with justice frowne, I would have
Claracilla married, and to worke our ends
Weele now resolve ---

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, theres a Sea man without desires to speake
With you, he sayes he hath earnest businesse that
Concernes the state.

King. Admit him.

Enter Manius.

Man. Dissimulation thou that so oft hast bene
Prosperous in thy attempts upon the innocent
Once let vertue owe thee for a service.

Sel. Whats your businesse sir, that so hastily
Requires a hearing.

Man. Ha the King! I must not know him, sir be pleas'd
To command your servants off, and I shall whisper
A service that shall claime a reward, which I
Will not require till it be perfect

Sel. There needes no whisper here, for if it concerne
The kingdome, speake it to the King.

Man. The King, thus low I beg your pardon sir,
And then give me leave to aske whether it
Be worth your care or no, to have in your power
The stranger that fought with my Lord *Sel. cus.*

Sel. Softly.

King. Dost thou know where he is? canst thou direct
My anger to fixe which way to seize the traytor?

If

Claracilla.

If thou canst, propose thy owne reward, and take a Kings word thou shalt have my power to effect it.

Man. Sir I will not bargain, but in short thus. I have beene faulty, and a Pyrat speaks the kinde. But twas while the fault was in fashion. Here, and a theefe wore the crowne, your pardon For my past faults is thereward I beg. For this service, which if I were not confident I could Doe, I were mad thus to wake your anger with A deluded hope; but to the businesse, early This morning there came to my Gally which Now rides in the haven, two strangers, as They pretended, that had unfortunately in a Duell Slaine one that had a neere relation to your Majestie And by many arguments pleaded my protection, Which at first sight their miseries engag'd me to And I undertooke to serve them. one of them, The faire haired man, gave me a letter to deliver To the Princeesse, from whom he says I should Have great rewards, if I would be faithfull, I undertooke it, and if this may procure my peace, When you please to command me, they are dead.

Sel. The letter, prithee lets see the letter, tis He for certaine, but who the second should be.

King. I cannot guesse.

Sel. Thy pardon, and a reward for thy faith Vpon my life thou shalt receive.

King. Hast thou the letter.

Man. Yes sir. *He delivers the letter to the King.*

King. Hal *Melintus* and *Philemon*, their hands subscrib'd To this Treason, see *Selucus* tis *Melintus* And *Philemon*, that in disdain have waited Our destruction, the gods are just still; And now from the height of all their impious darings, Have let them fall into our punishments. Look they urge *Claracilla* to escape,

By

Claracilla.

By the assistance of this honest Souldier
They assure her she may safely make and call
All this Treason; the sting of slaughter
Assist me, *Selvus*, that I may invent
Some strange terror to afflict their false-hood

Sel. Is this possible.

(them,

Man. Worke on mischief till their rage has blinded
That in the darke I may easier lead them to their ruine

Sel. *Melinus* and *Philemon*, tis no new danger,
This my rage distracts me, and in the strength
That anger lends me, I can performe all ye
Can require from a sound and healthy friend;
But doe it quickly fir before I am unbent
And thus by her assistance reach their ruine.

King. It cannot be she should proceed to my destruction.

Sel. It cannot be? then he were a foole and onely,
Sow'd dangers to reape dangers, thinke ye he would
Lose his heaven to place another there,
No tis visible he loves, and that has beene
The cause mov'd all his datings, and that he
Loves the Princeesse, does that start ye, call
To minde the surprise in the garden, what rage
Will that meeting fill your brest with, when ye shal know
Tis no ayrie, hopelesse single love, no
Cupid with one wing that threatens now
As when *Silvander* stricke; these have made
The imperfect boy, a perfect God betweene them,
And with returne of eternall faith, have given
Both wings and eyes, and directed by their bold
Soules what to doe, is now upon the wing, and flies (fire)
With more certaine danger in your Court than death or

King. This is a dangerous truth, and if my daughter
Consent to their desires they dye?

(ver it to

Sel. To be secur'd of which, scale this letter and deli-
This honest man, & let him deliver it to your daughter
And urge her answer, which when a has let him returne

With

Claracilla.

With it this will guide your justice which way to steere
And your anger shall onely finde the guilty, and the act
Being just consequently tis safe, for the guilty
Have no revenge to follow their fall.

King. I am resolv'd if she consent they fall,
Dispatch him with the letter, and let me have
An answer at my Chamber.

Sel. Sir now you consent to be safe, be not troubled
But leave the rest to me, now to our businesse.
Ile immediately send a servant of mine for a woman
Of the Princeesse my creature, from whom
I have dayly intelligence, she shall get you
An opportunitie to deliver the letter
Her name's *Olinda*, and to her Ile addresse you,
To be false now is to be faithfull.

Man. And that makes me so false, but stay fir;
I have a minde to make you indebted to me
For a greater benefit than you dreame of,

Sel. Whither tendst thou.

Man. To assure you I meane to be faithfull & to oblige
My selfe, to make which good, Ile put my life
Into your hands, and if you dare obey
My directions, Ile propose a way
That with safety you may reach your revenge,
A crowne, and *Claracilla*.

Sel. *Claracilla*, canst thou propose away to gaine her
Let but that appeare through fire and drought,
Oppos'd dangers greater than cowards fears
Ile flye to embrace it.

Man. Within Ile instruct you, and then Ile obey
The Kings directions for the letter, which will be
One step to advance our plot. and if it thrive
What I shall be, Ile leave to your own bosome to resolve

Sel. What thou shalt be, thou shalt be my bosome. *Ex.*

Enter Appius, and Claracilla.

Cla. I wonder a stayes so long, I am afraid

His

Claracilla.

His reason will not prevaile with my father
Selucus is crafty, and although I was
By strength of your argument perswaded to it,
Yet I am sorry that I consented to
Let them know tis *Melinus* whom they pursue,
A name already subject to their hate,
But heaven I hope will direct all.

Ap. If I were not assur'd that *Manlius*
Were honest I should not have ventur'd thus
To perswade you to discover where your health lyes;
But when I am secure that those in whose
Power he is, will with their lives protect him,
And his discovery onely a baite to draw
His enemy into his power, I must agen
Desire you will with patience attend
The issue of what is well design'd, however
It may meete a crosse. *Enter Manlius.*

Man. Oh Madam, I am laden with joy, and
The strangeness of the burthen makes me thus
Sink in the way; I have discover'd who
Tis that betrayes you, tis *Olinda*, *Selucus*
Made it his host, but you must not yet
Take notice of it, but seeme to rely upon her faith
As a meanes of your escape which is consented too.
By all, under a hope that they shall seize you,
I cannot tell you all the particulars now;
Onely thus much our designs have taken,
As I could wish, this letter by their consent
Is return'd to you, had you seene the care
Your father tooke, that the violence which the scale
Met, might not be perceiv'd, you would
Have laugh'd; they expect your answer, and I have
Promis'd to bring it immediately, which must
Be that you will meete *Melinus* this evening
Without delay, your woman onely in company
And to be received from the garden wall

This

Claracilla.

This being dispatch'd Ile to the King and shew it him
And there make all sure, fir you must be pleas'd
To mingle your selfe in the presence, and there
Cheerfully accept any proposition
The King shall make, which shall onely be
What we resolve on within, and then Ile to my boate
And there in smiles pitch the bloody royles (prey
Wherein wee take these hunters, and make them our

Cla. Lose no time for heavens sake, tis a strange
Torture, doe not you nor you feele it thus
To be delay'd in the path that leades to brave *Melintus*

Man. Madam wee lose no time, be you ready
To obey yours, and Ile strictly observe my part,
And I hope the next thing we discourse of will be
About the sacrifice due to heaven for this delivery. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravack.

Mel. Tis about the time that *Manlins* bid us
Expect his returne, if we bee so happie
As to see *Claracilla*, what kinde of habit
Will thy joy weare, I am afrayd mine will be,
Cloath'd in a palenesse, for I cannot promise (pinesse
My selfe strength enough to beare such unexpected hap.

Pbi. Prithce thinke not of it, let it steale upon us
I finde I have not man enough to meete with her
Without trembling, the very thought has stricke
A coldnesse through my blood, and now you have
Told her that I love, I could easier dye
For her than speake to her, for tho my love
Has none, yet I shall still have a guilt about
Me when I but looke or speake.

Mel. Deere *Philemon* we beleev'd thee lost
When I told the story, and did it that
Thy friendship might live in her noble mention.

Pbi. Sir your pardon, for that we entertaine our selves
When you stand by, to whom me thinks love should
Be no stranger.

Ra.

Claracilla.

Ra. I have a story too, but this no time to tell it ---

Enter Manlius.

Man. Noble Princes doe ye not finde me strangely
Alter'd with the joy that now possesseth me
The Princeesse is well, and salutes you both
And the stranger kisses your hand.

Mel. Prithee let us partake the joy,
Will the vertuous *Claracilla* come, say
Have we no intrest in this joy now.

Man. Yes, but I have a thousand things to tell you
Which if you will attend, and follow my
Directions, we shall ere to morrow Sunne
See all our wishes crown'd; but let us in,
For we lose time; the day will bee too short
To bound our businesse in, and onely
Thus much know, we but the mettle bring
The gods will have the way and forme to our
Happinesse, the worke of their owne hands:

Mel. Softly follow with our thanks for gratitude,
Is to mercy both baite and hooke. *Exit.*

Enter Selucus.

Sel. This souldier was sent from heaven I thinke
To take care of me, all things runne so even
That he takes in hand, the Princeesse hath consented,
The King I have perswaded to goe in person
And surprise her, the Prince too will beare them
Company, and what then, my joyes want a name;
Melintus, Philemon, and the King must dye,
Their fate which is, I have sayd it, the Prince
Shall live to strengthen me in my act; upon no
Other condition shall he weare his head.

Oh the severall habits, their humors
Will be in that rage, envie, feare, and amaze
Will I reede in their wretched thoughts when they
Shall finde my word pronounce their doome, and
Possesse me of *Claracilla*, whose beauties

Encreas'd.

Claracilla.

Encreas'd by the sweetenefse of force, will make me
more a King,

Than all the power that a just Crowne could bring!

But I lose time, and neglect my part in

My owne affaires, the King and Prince I must see

Meete at the place, where they must

Stand but as witnesses to the receipt of all my part

Of heaven, a Diadem, and *Claracilla.* *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravack.

Phi. This is the place he appointed we should waite

For him, and tis much about the time he

Bid us expect him, if they come we shall

Possesse a joy we hoped not, he brings

Revenge along whose fruites the Gods have beene

Pleas'd to feast with, and the sweetes we see,

Makes them from us mortalls, with fiery injunctions

Still enclose the tree -----

Enter Manlius.

Mel. Hark I hope he comes, the moone is friendly, tis he

Man. Are ye ready.

Omnes. Yes, yes.

Man. Be resolute, and still, for they are comming.

Enter King, Appius, and Selucus.

King. Are we right.

Sel. Yes sir.

King. Where's the Souldier.

Sel. Hees slept before.

King. Sir I refrain'd to tell you what the occasion was

Till now, because I was asham'd to let you know

My Daughters fault till you might be a witnesse of it,

And then you would not wonder at my displeasure,

When you perceiue she could so put off her honour

As to leave me lost in my promise to your selfe,

And hope of a wish'd heire to succede me here.

Ap. Sir, I hope some mistake has begot this doubt

The Princessse ever promis'd a faire returne

Of love to your Majestie, and I shall be glad

To finde you are deceiv'd.

King.

Claracilla.

King. No fir tis too true
For had not *Selucus* faith beene watchfull,
This night had made her base flight into the loath'd
Embraces of a Traytor, and a subject;
Nor does she know she shall be prevented

Enter Manlius, Phi. Mel. Ra. and stand close.

But is now upon the wing if we prevent it not.

Ap. I am sorry fir your doubts have so much reason
to build upon. *Manlius whistles.*

Sel. We are call'd.

Man. This way, your hand

Sel. *Manlius* doe they know how to distinguish me.

*He leader the King, Appius, and Selucus
and delivers them to the slaves.*

Man. Yes, I have given them a signe,

King. Is it long to the time that she appointed.

Man. No fir, tis the houre that she commanded me
To waite, one of you looke out, and if ye
Spie a fire, call that we may approach to
The garden wall with this boate.

Phi. I goe.

Exit.

Sel. If it be possible let *Olinda* fall by the board
Ide have her dead, she will be talking else.

Man. She shall sinke we will not trust a whore.

Enter Philemon.

Phi. I have made a light from the Princeesse window.

Man. Quickly then set to the wall, and dee
Heare *Rhodian* *They whisper.*

Phi. Leave that to me.

Exit.

Enter Claracilla and Olinda above.

Cla. Dost thinke theyle come, dost thou beleeve I shall
Be happie, my love was ever of her blisse afrayd.

Oli. You need not feare, I am confident your thoughts
Will be prosperous, I heare the water dash ---

Enter Manlius.

Who's there? the souldier?

Man.

Claracilla.

Man. Yes, tis I, who's there *Olinda?*

Olm. Yes, and the Princeſſe. *(ſpeedy. Exit.*

Man. Come to the next corner, we are all ready be

Enter King, Appius, and Selu. to them Man. and Clara.

Man. You are ſafe, the ſlaves are the men I told you of;
Your Father, *Appius*, and *Selucus* are all here
But be confident. *Exit.*

Sel. Stand cloſe till we be off the wall, and *Olinda*
Come, for ſhe is guilty too.

Enter Manlius, Melintus, Philemon Ravak.

Man. Falſe by the board and not to be found? death,
Slave thy life ſhall anſwere the neglect.

Phi. She periſht by her haſte, no fault of mine.

Man. Leave your prating ſirrah, Madam your pardon
For this unfortunate accident, your mayde is loſt,
Falſe by chance by the board and drown'd, I ſhould
Not dare to looke you in the face after this
But that I am confident I ſhall ſhew
You other friends that are as deere.

Cl. My maide loſt, oh ſet me backe agen, this ill
Omen fore-tells a greater danger.

Man. Can there be danger to *Claracilla* where theſe
friends are.

*He diſcovers the King,
Appius, and Selucus*

Cl. Ha! traytor to my love & me, what haſt thou done

King. Thou art a traytor, unworthy, no more
A daughter, but the ſinne and ſhame of my blood,
Foole that thou art, couldſt thou beleewe that thy
Baſe paſſion could walke in ſo cloſe and baſe a diſguiſe
That my anger could not finde it, no thou art
Deceiv'd, and to urge thee to deſpaire,
Know thy obſcure Paramours, *Melintus*
And *Philemon*, the two wolves to my heart,
Thou haſt thus with ſafety cut away
Put off to the ſhore, and there thou ſhalt
Behold their ruine.

Claracilla.

Man. stands by the King. Phil. goes to Cla.

Rav goes to Ap. Mel. to Sel. they seize them

Sel. Yes, put off, thats the word
And then put off hope, and in amazement
Behold the lightning thats wrap'd in this
Swolne cloud which now breakes, and in death
Shoores your severall fates.

King. Heaven thou art just,
And tis equall to let me fall in the designe
I layd to destroy those noble youthes, for thee
I will not looke upon such a hated Traytor
When I am so neere my home.

Sel. No you must be witnesse first to the marriage
Of this Princeesse, then ye shall both be a sacrifice
To our Hymen.

Cla. Thy wife, I smile upon thee thou art so base
A thing thou couldst never finde my anger,
Yet my scorne was ever strong enough to
Strangle thy hopes.

Sel. Anon, twill be my time to smile, when dy'd
In thy fathers blood, my revenge shall force
All their sweetes from thee, which I will gather
In the presence of thy Paramour, nor shall
He or these have liberty to dye before
I have enjoy'd thee, nor the act once past
Shall the earth redeeme their lives, doe you perceive
How small a share you are like to have in this kingdome.

Ap. I am glad to see thee growne to such a height
Of sinne, for now my hopes tell me the gods
Will not suffer such a dogge to bay them long
Their lightning will shooe thee monster.

Man. Sir, stay not to talke, but away to Neptunes
Temple when we have perform'd what we
Resolv'd there, then to the gally and end our hunt.

Sel. Binde them then, and lets be gone. *Ex.*

Enter Timillus above, Iacomo below, and knocks

Tim.

Claracilla.

Tim. Who knocks.

Ia. Tis *Iacomo*, we are lost if thou stayst, this night thy friends abode is betray'd to the King, the Princess that was this night to meete him is surpriz'd, in her journey by the treachery of a Souldier that they trusted, and if you not attempt your escape, you are lost, your window's large and stands upon the haven, if you can swim, this night leape in, and Ile be ready on the shoare to receive you with dry cloathes, and horses to convey us to our safety, if we stay we perish.

Tim. I can swimme, but the season is somewhat too cold for that pleasure, and I could bee glad to have the wounds the mad dogge gave me cur'd without being drencht in salt water, but how ever if youle assist me Ile leape farre enough.

Ia. What houre shall I expect you.

Tim. At twelve.

Ia. Till then farewell.

Exit.

Tim. There's some comfort yet when there is a way, when leaping forth a window can doe't, well if I get free, if ever againe I come into any company that thinks it lawfull to love any woman longer than a man has use of the Sex, they shall geld me: by this hand I have layne with an hundred unsound wenches, with lesse danger than I have look'd upon this honest goblin, this scurvie horrible matrimonie, which is so dangerous a thing the very standers by are not safe; I must swimme but for wishing well to it, but from this time either *Melintus* shall quit this honourable way to his loves, or Ile leave him to the honorable dangers.

Exit.

Enter Selucus, Melintus, King, Manlius, Ravack, Appius, Philemon, Claracilla, and a Priest.

Sel. Stand, now Priest doe your office. *He takes Cla.*

Cla. Has this impious traytor bound the (by the hand, Hands of Iustice, that thus she lets him proceede to Mischiefe and will not in her owne battle strike, must

The

Claracilla.

The innocent fall and none defend them.

Philemon drawes his sword

Phi. Yes faire one, and in their usuall way
Shew their power, which thus from the meanest of
The earth, heaven has rais'd me a guard for your vertues

Sel. Ha.

Phi. Who is so much a slave that he can let
This sinne chaine him for ever.

Man. How's this.

Phi. We that have together borne our miseries
And with a harsh fate, worne out our weary dayes,
Have not amongst them all, met one that will
Lye so heavie on our feares, as this base act,
If we assist the Traytor.

Ra. Sir be free, and let honour only draw your sword.

Ravack releases Appius, they draw.

Sel. Kill that Traytor slave.

*As Selucus attempts, Melintus seizes him
and sets a dagger to his breast.*

Mel. Free the King, foole canst thou yet reade the
Miseries thy hated life shall feeble, if not, here
Melintus tells thee what they are

*Melintus puls off his beard and dis-
covers himselfe.*

Sel. *Melintus!*

Mel. Whilst *Philemon* and *Manlius* triumph in the
Victory that having loyalty has gain'd over
Thy insulting treacheries --- fir to you I kneele
For pardon, for thus venturing to threaten
Dangers, all else are acquainted with the plot
We layd to discover to your abused trust
This wretched monster.

Ravack seizes Selucus.

cla. The Prince fir was of Counsell in all we did.

Mel. And we have his consent fir to be happie.

King. Of all I aske a pardon whom my doubt
Has injur'd, and Ile no longer crosse your joyes :

You

Claracilla.

You have my consent, and heaven crown your wishes.
But for thee thy villanie shall destroy thee.

Sel. Madam to your vertues, which my mischiefs still
Have hunted, thus low I bow, and when I
With repentant teares have washed the way, let
My last breath finde your faith, that I lov'd, the
Rate I would have payd speakes how much, and since
From him I derive these miseries, by his power
Which you have bow'd to I begge and conjure
Your mercy, that it may in pardon finde me;
And then with a wound here Ile give balme to
Those under which my honour now languishes.

King. Disarme him.

He drawes a dagger.

Sel. Attempt it not.

He stabbes himselfe.

Cla. Hold I forgive.

Sel. Can you forgive, oh this mercy
Has chang'd my opinion, I thought nothing could
Have made *Claracilla* more like an Angell;
But this mercy has added to all thy beauties
A heavenly forme, and one wound to those that
Iustice threaten, and thy faire soule, tis fit
I offer my selfe though none be more unfit
For sacrifice, and whilst my faults expire
In the blood that bred them, from heaven onely
Shall *Selucus* beg a pittie, my hate dwell
With all the rest; oh turne not but looke upon
The ruine you have made, and whilst I thus
Gazing dye, witnesse my heaven which is *Claracilla*
I fall to love and scorne a Martyr.

Dyes.

King. Whilst iustice is striking let me lift a hand here
M-lintus this I hope will cure all the
Wounds my unkindnesse gave thee, and now to Court
That when thou hast these bonds put off, *Hymen* may
New fetters bring.

Mel. Sir your pardon, if I
Say I must not change this habit till my joyes

Are

Claracilla.

Are full, and by another bond freed, this disguise
Hath been so fortunate that I dare not quit it
Whilst tis possible to misse my wishes.

King. Take your pleasure,

Phi. Oh Madam you have heard a story which
Makes me blush to looke upon you.

cla. *Philemon* must not be troubled now when
Our joyes are thus compleate, but live in smiles
To recount our miseries.

King. The story how, we came to be thus happie
Weele reserve to crowne our feast with, and *Maulius*
Thy part in the successe of this day shall not
Be forgotten, to the boate, and then to the Temple,
And let the Priests sing an
Epithalamium to these lovers praise,
Whose faiths have turn'd their chaines to
Myrtle and triumphant bayes.

Exeunt.

*As they goe off singing over the Stage. Enter
Timillus above with a Rope to come downe
and make his escape, heares them sing, un-
derstands by the song that it is all joy and
peace; and when they are gone he speakes.*

Tim. Nay if the winde be in that corner, He leape
No leapes but this,
With a health, the prayers of the Layitie,
Give thanks for our delivery.

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